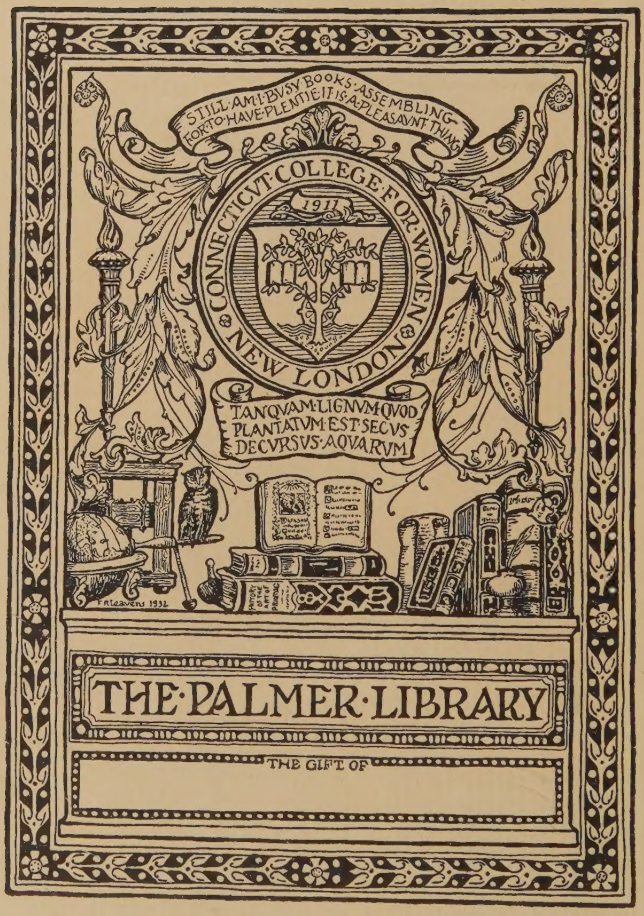
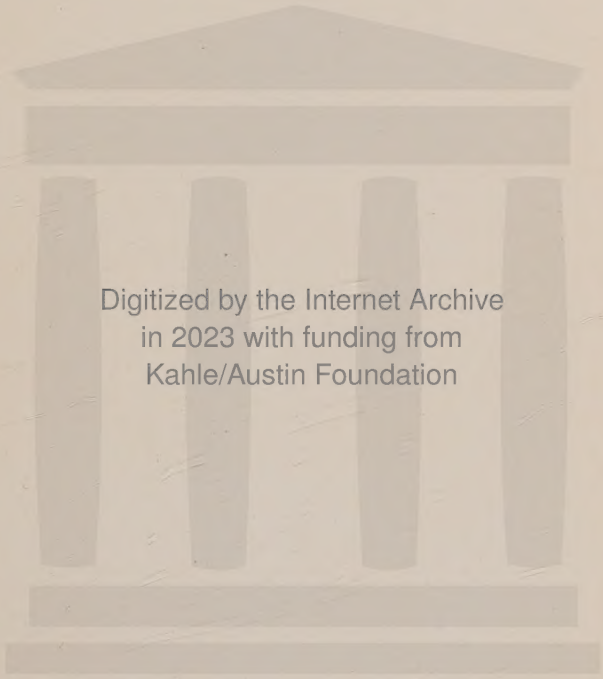
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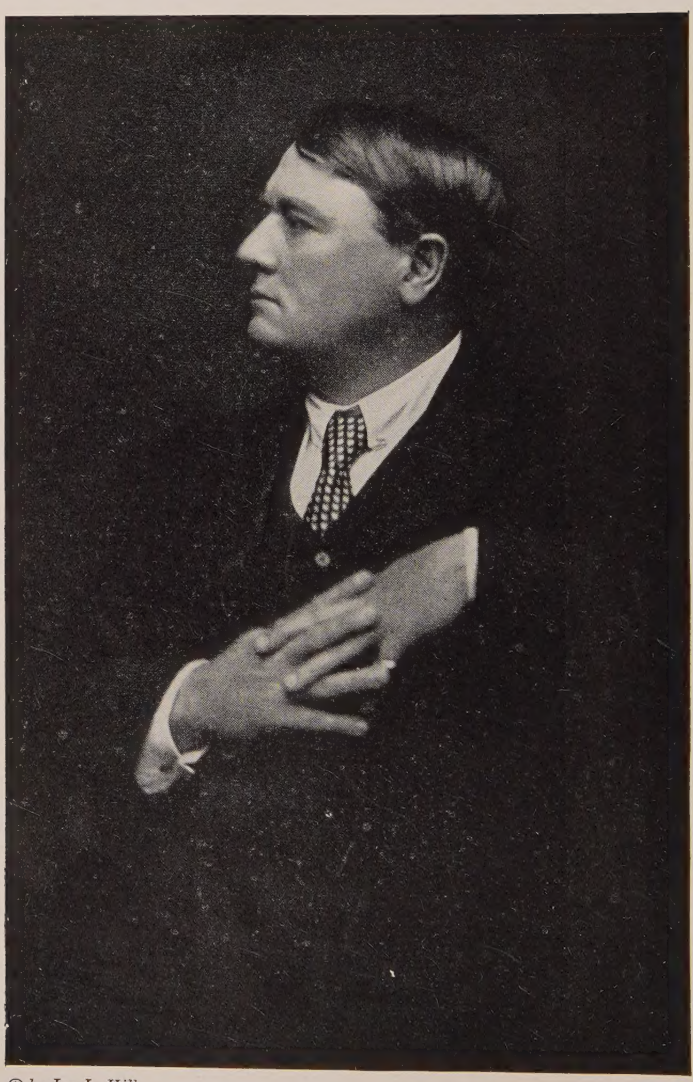

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LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S WAR BOOK


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Northcliffe

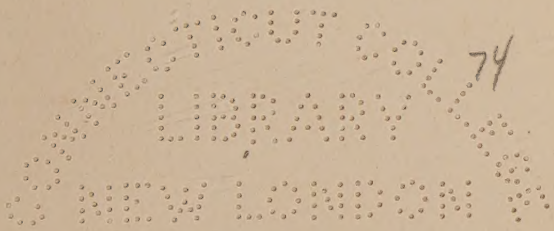
LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S WAR BOOK

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WITH CHAPTERS ON AMERICA AT WAR

Northcliffe, Alfred Charles William Harmsworth, 1st viscount, 1865-19

BEING A REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF "AT THE WAR"

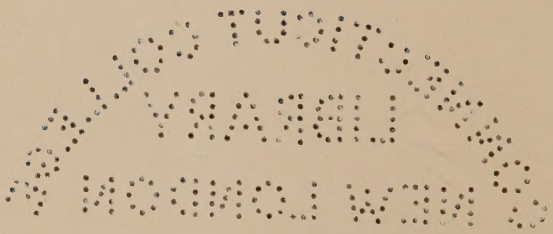


NEW YORK
GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

940.48
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1917

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REVISED EDITION



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

TO MY MOTHER

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PREFACE

This little contribution to the funds of the Red Cross has already earned between $25,000 and $30,000, the publishers having generously given the profits to this best of causes.

The profits of this American edition will be devoted to the American Red Cross.

The book is the result of many visits to the Western War Fronts and neutral countries. The chapters are very largely composed of telegrams written amidst the "alarums and excursions" of war.

NORTHCLIFFE.

BRITISH WAR MISSION
671 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
October, 1917.

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THE AMERICANS AT WAR

LORD NORTHCLIFFE'S WAR BOOK

THE AMERICANS AT WAR

SINCE I have been in the United States—I arrived early in the month of June—I have seen the beginning of the growth of a war machine unequalled in the world's history. The machine was built in the American way. As I watched the process I was reminded continually of the method of building the sky-scrapers whose roots are deep deep down in the rock that forms the Island on which New York stands.

In watching the building of a sky-scraper, the uninformed observer feels that the thing will never begin. For some time there is a blasting of rock, crowds of men appear with strange machines, nothing much seems to happen. Then, gradually but surely, a great steel skeleton arises.

The progress does not seem to be as rapid as it might be, until suddenly the passer-by finds to his astonishment that the exterior walls of the seventeenth or thirtieth story are finished, the lower stories being yet in skeleton form. There is another delay, and lo! the sky-scraper suddenly finished, and housing its ten or fifteen thousand busy workers.

The American war machine was and, as I write, is still being built in the same way.

From the staid British point of view the process was sometimes bewildering. There were delays, tolerances,

repetitions of European war blunders, criticisms, arguments, extravagant optimism and grave under-estimations. Sometimes at the end of a long day one looked back on the morning and could see no progress. But at the conclusion of every six days there was not only an advance, but sometimes a leap.

The great giant of the West slumbered more or less uneasily for the first two and a half years of the war, he eventually woke with some unwillingness. Once awake with amazing celerity he was out and about, up and doing. He swiftly girded his armour and fashioned the club that should end the rule of despotism in Europe.

Lookers-on and critics here in the United States were astonished to find that almost without public notice conscription came into being. When it arrived, it worked as smoothly as though it had been in use since the Declaration of Independence. Again the giant paused awhile and people began to wonder what he was doing, but meanwhile the streets became filled with Khaki. The stern-looking business men and professional beauties of photographers' shops were replaced by clean-visaged officers and nurses. The parks were busy from dawn to dark with men in shirt sleeves at drill. Those trying to make business appointments by telephone found that So-and-so had gone to France or to an officers' training camp at Plattsburg or elsewhere. The war hourly became more and more a part of the visible public life.

My American home is some miles out of New York City. When I took up my residence there in June last there were no signs of war about me. I went to Washington and returned after the space of a few days. A vast camp, as big as ours at Witley in Surrey appeared at my doors as though it had grown by magic.

This camp was not on the map so to speak; it was not

one of the great cantonments that were built with lightning speed. Of these soldier cities there are now sixteen finished or nearly so. They are no mere camps. There is a permanence about them that makes it difficult to realise that they are built in two score of days. A number of them are being erected wisely in the sunny and comparatively stormless South, where the soldiers and more especially the flying men will be in full training during the whole winter.

Let me describe one of these cities in the words of an English eye witness, one of the sixteen cities which will accommodate the first instalment (650,000 men,) gathered by conscription. These cities are tangible proof of the efficiency of American methods of organisation applied to war making. We asked and obtained permission to see one of the most rapidly finished. It happened to be two thousand miles from New York. It did not seem to concern those who extended the very cordial invitation that the journey was a long one; it is regarded here as we look upon the journey from London to Newcastle (about 200 miles) or London to Glasgow (less than 300 miles).

Early in July there lay three miles outside San Antonio, Texas, a stretch of ground covered with a difficult kind of scrub or bush. On the 6th of July there appeared an army of between nine and ten thousand workmen of every known nationality, directed by young Americans of the Harvard and Yale type.

The ten thousand arrived in every kind of conveyance, in mule carts, farm waggons, horse cabs, motors, and huge motor vans. At the end of the day's work, when the whistle had blown, the scene resembled that of some eccentric elaborately-staged cinematograph film.

Together with the army of ten thousand men came many kinds of semi-automatic machinery. The hard

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concrete roads in the United States are now made by machinery with a thoroughness and permanence which should attract attention in Europe. In this new town outside of San Antonio twelve miles of rail, twenty-five miles of road, thirty-one miles of water pipe, thirty miles of sewer were accomplished in forty-five days.

The scale of wages is as surprising to Europeans as the energy expended. The average wage for all and sundry exceeded five pounds ($25) a week, carpenters getting twenty-six shillings ($6.50) daily. Nearly all material had to be brought from what appear to us vast distances. As often as not the thermometer stood at 100 degrees, yet the daily photographs taken by the contractors show that progress was continuous, until on August 25th a considerable part of the city was ready for occupation.

The strongly and comfortably built huts are all provided with heating arrangements for the winter, and baths hot and cold are attached to each building; there are vast stores and office blocks, several post offices, a huge bakery, laundry, stables for thirteen hundred horses and mules, hospitals, schools; in all between twelve and thirteen hundred buildings.

And what has been done in Texas was being done simultaneously in fifteen other parts of the country.

Although Long Island is so close to New York and is one of the most fashionable country house districts in the United States, the site chosen near Yaphank for Camp Upton on Long Island, gave as much trouble as any other. A forest had to be cut down and the roots blasted out of the soil. Furthermore, the works were hampered by mosquitos to a degree that will be understood by those who have disturbed virgin soil in new places.



Americans have a prompt unexpected way of doing things which is pleasingly refreshing. One morning I read that all saloons within fives miles of Yaphank had been closed down. Nothing more said about it, no discussion preceded the matter, there were no abstruse calculations as to compensation. The United States is at war; saloons are not good for war, close them down. That's all there was to it.

These are a good-natured but a drastic people. One of their great war accomplishments is the stamping out of sedition. When I first arrived here it was common to see knots of rather bored-looking people round a wildly gesticulating man standing on what I believe is known as a soap box. I noticed the number of these orators grew. I stopped one evening to listen to one of them in the negro quarter; he was talking a lot of excitable rubbish. In one part of his discourse he evinced unexpected sympathy for the downtrodden Irish farmer, who is notably, by the way, among the most prosperous of farmers.

The American Giant paused one day in his war preparations, issued some kind of police order, and there was an end to pacificism.

A shrewd British friend of mine who has lived here many years remarked the other day that it took a long time to get Uncle Sam into the War, but that it may take a much longer time to get him out.

Already, after barely five months of preparation, the United States have close upon a million and a half soldiers undergoing intensive training for their task. The Regular Army was brought up to its full strength 300,000 by voluntary enlistment. The National Guard, a State Militia, was filled up by the same means until it numbered 500,000. Then came the ballot for conscripts under the

Conscription Act; this gave between 600,000 and 700,000 more.

For the training and upkeep of this force and for the provision of all that it will require in the field, sums of money have been voted which make one's brain reel. For airplane construction $640,000,000 have been appropriated. Upon merchant shipbuilding $1,134,500,000 are to be spent. A naval appropriation of $350,000,000 for the building of destroyers has been commenced. One armour plate and projectile plant at South Charleston will soak up $22,000,000. In all, the war expenditure of the United States already amounts to well over $8,000,000 a day, and loans to Allies account for another $12,000,000 every twenty four hours. The war machine gathers momentum as its travels. Its ramifications are bewildering. Scarcely a day passes without some fresh and startling proof of its force.

The American characteristics in war seem to be two, firstly, what looks like undue deliberation, and then, before you are ready for it, as a bolt from the blue, a smashing blow.

We know little of United States politics in Europe. Probably not one English or French reader in a score understands that the Democrats (Radicals) are in power and the Republicans (Conservatives) in opposition. The system so far is rather like our own, but the head of the nation is a President whose character appears to me to be a mixture of Scottish caution and tenacity with American unexpectedness.

Witness the reply to the Pope. When cables from Europe contained mealy-mouthed meanderings from Continental newspapers outlining all kinds of suggested temporising replies to his Holiness, suddenly came an altogether unexpected bang from the White House at

Washington; the whole miasma of pacificism and all the rantings from soap boxes were at an end. My Republican friends, naturally critical of persons and things Democratic, shared the nation-wide joy in the President's reply. As with the well-meant Papal peace offerings, so with the embargo.

Well-meaning European statesmen have too long provided the German armies with materials for making shot and powder and with food through greedy and gain-loving neutrals. The American mind wondered why. I went one day to have a look at an American transport sailing for Europe, in which the soldier boys clustered like bees in swarming time. Incidentally my guide showed me a great number of neutral ships loading up with grain for Germany. There came another bang from the big gun at Washington. The ships are still here.

I should not be surprised if they eventually helped to carry food to the American armies in France and to Belgium. I am very certain they will not carry one grain of wheat to Germany. The right of neutrals to prolong the war is not conceded by the United States. The American mothers who are sending their boys to face submarines in the Atlantic and high explosives in the trenches have no sloppy sentiment for Sweden or Spain. They are sorry for Holland, but the motto "America first," though not perhaps always suited to an alliance, is undoubtedly a formidable war weapon when put into operation with the drastic suddenness characteristic of American mentality in war time.

Several times I have been asked by Americans, who are becoming almost as critical of themselves as we English have always been of ourselves, whether there is not observable in the United States a lack of enthusiasm in the public demeanour towards troops parading or depart-

ing. The same criticism has been made continuously in Great Britain in regard to the people and their army.

It is quite true that an ordinary baseball game, or an Association football match at home, is more provocative of cheering and other forms of applause than the appearance of troops. Pictures of soldiers departing in the old wars make us believe that they were surrounded by enthusiastic and yelling crowds. That does not appear to be the case now in any of the belligerent countries in which I have been since August, 1914. Even the most excitable Italians go to this war with gravity and sobriety.

The only really vociferous acclamation to troops that has come under my notice was in a neutral country whose callous pro-Germanism has made it a by-word among nations. A cynical American who watched with me a squadron of cavalry passing at the trot and being vigourously applauded by a Spanish crowd remarked "The last thing these people mean to do is fight."

American troops, whose physique is at present much the best in the war, are regarded by their onlookers with interest, affection and pride. Their mission is far too serious a one for wild hurra-ing such as we heard during the South African and the Spanish wars. Summed up in one word, the attitude of the American People and their soldiers seems to me to be, Earnestness. If any other word be necessary Thoroughness might be added.

The world has heard something of the evolution of what is known as the U.S.A. or Liberty Air Engine. The full story of the development of this practical and now tested motor sums up many of the most marked traits in the American war character. It is the product of enthusiasm put to the right purpose.

There is probably no more highly organised industry in the world than the manufacture of American motor-

cars. Despite the keen competition that has enabled Americans rich and poor alike to have automobiles, co-operation and standardisation among the rival producers have intensified simplicity and eliminated waste. It is because of this that I am able to purchase in the United States for my own use an excellent four-seated landaulette for $1,000 with electric lighting installation and self-starter. I have the choice of a number of types at that price and even less.

The methods of the motor-car industry, which have given such marvellous results, are being adapted in regard to the Air Engine. Early in July I was invited to the Bureau of Standards in Washington to see the engine just after it had arrived from Detroit. In a room adjoining the bench on which the motor rested was a machine for reproducing mechanical drawings, or blue-prints, by a highly ingenious form of rapid rotary printing. These drawings are being sent in thousands to makers of automobiles all over the United States.

The young men who had accomplished the construction of the engine were the leading designers and engineers of the great competing motor-car and motor-van makers. All trade rivalry had been set apart, and they had thrown their united efforts into a magnificent piece of team-work, which will enable the United States to turn our air engines almost as rapidly as Mr. Ford multiplies his wonderful little cars.

It is not pretended that these air engines are of the same quality as the best English or French war models. It was wisely foreseen here that the construction of motors so delicate would demand the training of thousands of skilled handworkers. Time is a vital factor in the situation, therefore it was resolved to produce an engine that could be manufactured in part in a thousand

workshops and assembled at certain given points, as is done by Germany with her submarines. It is an engine designed for a certain specific air programme, the nature of which the Germans will learn in due course.

Together with the manufacture of this air motor, which has now been tested in long flights at various altitudes, goes on the training in flight of a large number of eager and capable young men. Almost every steamer arriving from Europe brings more and more skilled airmen from the war-zone, French, American and English. Flying grounds in the United States are being extended continuously. They range now from Camp Borden in Canada, where young British officers are training American and Canadian fliers, to San Antonio, in Texas. Instruction in flying can continue without ceasing owing to the choice of so many suitable, because almost windless, climates for the camp installations.

The enthusiastic outpourings of air amateurs and their cries of "One hundred thousand air-planes" have made a good many people sceptical as to American participation in the air fighting. But behind all that talk is already a vast accomplishment. The solid foundation has been laid of an air service backed by practically illimitable man-power and machine-power. Its fruits will be shewn as suddenly as came Conscription. Movement is going on as rapidly as possible in view of the thoroughness with which everything is being done. There has been a complete liaison with the Air Services of France and England. While no time has been lost, more careful consideration has been given to a definite plan of campaign.

Since I arrived in the United States during the second week of June, I have kept a diary of war happenings. This I shall keep as a document of great historical interest. Never has any Democracy made such rapid prog-

ress in so vast an enterprise. The pace was accelerated every week. We were made acquainted in the course of four months with a series of war measures which would seem to be almost beyond the national power of digestion.

It is easy to say that many of these measures might have been adopted a couple of years earlier, but Democracies do not work in that way. Even after the war had begun, we in England spent almost two years in discussing whether we should have equality of sacrifice in regard to military service, and Canada was still debating the question until a few weeks ago. Each nation has to make its war preparations after its own fashion. No nation seems to learn much from any other.

The American War Machine has been built in the American way. Maybe it will have its faults, but for all that it is the mighty sledge-hammer that will pulverise Prussianism.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN WAR-TIME

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC IN WAR-TIME

One thing the war has done for those who travel. It has restored to travelling the spice of adventure. Crossing the Atlantic had become before the war as tame and uneventful a business as taking the Subway or the Elevated to go down town. The war has changed all that.

The greatest of the liners which made our Atlantic ferry the swiftest and most luxurious means of ocean transportation in the world have disappeared from their accustomed routes. Some will never return to them. They lie on the floor of the sea. Even now it is hard to think of the *Lusitania* without a pang at the heart. Other of the "floating palaces" which made their trips between the United States and England so punctually and steadily have been turned into hospital ships, transports, auxiliary cruisers. As for those which flew the German flag, they are either interned in the harbours of Allied or neutral countries, or else rotting in their home ports, rotting and rusting as part of the price which Germany has to pay already for allowing the crazy and criminal ambition of Hohenzollerns and Prussian Junkerdom to break up the prosperity won by peace-methods and to substitute for it the widespread ruin caused by unsuccessful war.

In the pre-war days, which seem so far off from us now, there were no more formalities to be faced before crossing the ocean than before crossing the road. One simply bought a ticket, learnt the time of departure, cabled to say the exact day and hour of arrival, went on board.

No questions asked, no papers needed beyond the steamer ticket. Passports were regarded as antediluvian, only required by those who travelled beyond the confines of civilisation, in the dominions of the Turkish Sultan or the Russian Tsar.

In this fourth year of the struggle it has rightly been made difficult for any persons to cross the Atlantic who have not some good urgent reason for doing so. Such reason must be shewn before permission to take ship is granted. The journey from England to the United States in war-time begins, therefore, in the wooden houses built in the courtyard of the Foreign Office, London. Here full information must be given to officials, for the most part sympathetic, as to parentage, birthplace, business; grounds for desiring to travel; previous travel during the war period; and so on. If all goes well for the would-be voyager, he, or she, receives a passport, or, having one already, has it endorsed with a permit to leave England for American shores.

Next those who are not travelling with diplomatic credentials must fill up the interrogatory of the steamship company. This is not less exhaustive than the official *questionnaire*. One has an uneasy feeling that they may be compared and any accidental discrepancy used against one. Some people are made so nervous by being "regarded with suspicion," as they term it, though really there is no need to put it in that way, that they begin to wonder whether they have not something to hide. They begin to be not quite sure about their own *bona fides*. There should, however, be no feeling of uneasiness or resentment caused by these indispensable precautions. Every one should be glad to find that precautions against spies are being systematically taken. Every one must recognise that it is necessary to limit the numbers using

the restricted service of liners which ply across the Atlantic in the fourth year of the war.

Next comes the train journey to Liverpool. This is as fast as it was in peace-time, and as comfortable, except that there is no luncheon-car attached. Luncheon baskets are brought round to the compartments, however. In Liverpool Dock Station there is nothing like the usual crowd and bustle. The number of passengers is small. "This way please" say the dock policemen, and they shepherd the passengers towards a number of benches, facing a small table, at which sit an official in plain clothes and an officer wearing the green tabs on his collar and the green band round his cap which denote the Intelligence Service of the British Army. Once more there are questions to be answered. This is an examination conducted on behalf of the military authorities. You may have satisfied the Foreign Office and yet fail to satisfy the Intelligence Department.

"What are your reasons for going to the United States?"

"Ever been there before?"

"What is your occupation?"

Wearily the travellers repeat their replies for the last time. All are found "Not guilty." They hurry on board to take possession of their state-rooms and to see that their trunks have been distributed to them.

Now begins the discussion of the question: "How soon shall we be off?" Tales are gloomily told of ships that have been kept in the Mersey for five days. Is it an advantage for us that the weather is calm? Does that not make it easier for submarines to attack? Do we have to wear our lifebelts all the time? Is an inflated waistcoat better than a cork belt?

One passenger has a whole suit to wear in case of dis-

aster. It is like a diver's suit in appearance. He fetches it from his cabin and puts it on in view of an admiring throng. He takes too long however to struggle into it. Admiration changes to doubt of its efficacy. "Ship would go down before you'd found your way in and buttoned it all up," says a sceptic, voicing the verdict of the rest. We drift out on to the deck again, hang over the side, watch the bridge which connects us with the shore being removed, speculate as to whether we are really off or not.

In a few minutes our doubts are dispelled and our spirits rise rapidly. We are casting off. Into the wide river we go, down towards the mouth of it. Westward we see the sun declining. Into the sunset we shall soon be heading. "New York to-morrow week perhaps, who knows?"

Who knows? Indeed that is a question impossible to answer. Nobody knows. We have to wait for instructions. Those who give the instructions have to wait for the reports of the submarine-chasers. What the submarines will be doing at any given moment, nobody knows. Patient we must be, if we are detained, and thankful that the British and American patrols and mine-sweepers are making the way as safe as it can be made for our voyage.

Need for patience soon overtakes us. Opposite the Tower at New Brighton Beach plump goes our anchor. Here we are to stay until further orders. These do not come until we are in bed. In the night we make another start. Next morning we are well on our way. Not the most familiar way, but a way more interesting and more picturesque. Never have the hills and vales of Ireland looked greener and lovelier than on this bright day of blue sky and sunshine. The sea has a brisk little

"popple" on it, but the ship ploughs along with a steady movement. Every one is eager to catch a glimpse of some of the vessels that are taking care of us. Now and again we sight the smoke of a destroyer or pass a fleet of mine-sweepers, and feel we would like to cheer the brave crews of them, who risk their lives daily and every hour of the day to keep the Atlantic Lane open and secure.

If we choose, we can keep that Lane open and send ships along it with very small risk. The chief safeguards against submarine attack are, Speed not less than fifteen knots and hundreds of small fast armed patrol craft to hunt the U-boats away. How small the danger is for fast ships can be judged from this which I know to be a fact. One of the Departments of my British War Mission in the United States has sent to England its accounts weekly since early spring. It was discovered lately that they have not been sent in duplicate even. Yet none of them have failed to reach England. Is it any wonder that an official in London who was asked: "What precautions do you take to ensure your communications reaching your representatives in America?" replied "Precautions? No precautions at all. We post our letters in the ordinary way."

Here is proof that speed confers immunity to a very marked degree. It may happen that by ill fortune or through carelessness a fast ship will be caught and sunk, but if all possible precautions are taken and if all ships traversing the Atlantic Lane could steam at not less than fifteen knots, (and faster if the speed of German submarines increases, as it very likely may), then we could have regular traffic attended by very little risk. At present the danger zone is not of vast extent, though it would never be safe to assume that the enemy may not at any

time increase its area. While our ship is in this zone there is a noticeable tendency among some of the passengers to talk about any subject rather than submarines, and many anxious looks are to be seen directed towards the waste of ocean on either side of the ship.

Sometimes we are hailed by a patrol boat. Lucky for us if it does not tell our captain to turn in somewhere and wait for instructions. Often the Loughs which dent the coast of Ireland are littered with ships that have been ordered for their own good and safety to get into shelter. Nothing of this interesting uncertainty accompanied the voyages of peace-time. Nor were there guns mounted fore and aft in peace-time, with American blue jackets manning them, standing by the whole time that ships are in the danger-zone. They keep a sharp look-out. One man has powerful glasses (not the telescope, which used to be always preferred for sea work). Another has a telephone apparatus strapped over his head, the mouthpiece just under his chin. A third stands by a huge speaking-tube. The instant any suspicious object is sighted these men give warning. On the bridge are gunnery officers as well as the ship's officers, not less vigilant than their men on deck.

Never are the gun-crews or the gunnery officers allowed to quit their posts so long as there is danger. Night and day they are ready for action. How they enjoy their sleep when the tension is relaxed!

"Tired, I expect," I say to one of the sailors, a fair, handsome giant who is sitting in a deck-chair, blinking at the sun. This is all the rest permitted, and only one at a time.

"You bet you," he makes answer. "But to-morrow I'll have fourteen hours in my bunk. We'll be out of the danger-zone then."

Splendid fellows, these American naval gunners. Keen on their work, making light of its fatigues, eager, how eager, to get a shot in at the enemy. They are proud of their guns, proud of what they can do in the shooting line, proud of their appearance also. In the slacker days they paint them and shine up their brass-work with affectionate care. The passengers grow fond of their defenders, feel safe when they see them standing round their long naval guns. Many of the voyagers are as anxious as the gunners for "something to happen," even though it meant risk of being torpedoed. Time hangs heavy on our hands. There is no regular service of news by wireless to provide us with topics for discussion. Only official passengers can receive or send telegrams. Wireless is only used now for urgent messages of strict business. Deck games are played. There is much dancing among the second-cabin passengers. But one does not seem to settle down to the conditions of the voyage, as one used to. There is so much uncertainty. One poor little American woman with a baby scarcely ever leaves the deck, I notice. She is afraid of being below if "anything happened." A truly pathetic figure, this anxious mother. Some of us spend most of the time calculating how long it will be before we reach New York. They have nothing to go upon, for we do not even know where we are. Though the ship's run is announced each noon, its position on the chart is not marked. But they go on making their calculations simply for something to do.

Others pass hours scanning the horizon for signs of craft, enemy or Ally: at so great a distance it is scarcely possible to distinguish friend from foe. One afternoon a ship which puzzles even our officers comes well in view. Our guns are trained on her. No doubt hers are

trained on us. She is coming nearer to us. Can she be a new raider escaped from Wilhelmshafen? "Watch for a flash from her broadside," suggests a passenger always hoping for an adventure, "and if you see it, throw yourself on deck quick." But no flash comes, and the mystery ship, after inspecting us, turns away again. Still it is an exciting little episode.

Some ships have more adventures than others. One which followed ours after a short interval had a narrow escape of being hit by a torpedo. At half-past-ten one morning a woman jumped from her deck-chair and cried out "Look, look, what is it?" At the same moment the crews of the gun became suddenly even more intent and earnest than usual. One or two who had either heard the woman's cry or seen the gun-crews stiffen, noticed a white track approach the ship and pass her just astern.

"Was it really a torpedo?" said the chief gunnery officer afterwards, replying to some Doubting Thomas passengers. "Sure thing it was a torpedo. I saw it from the bridge, and I caught sight of the periscope of the U-boat that let us have it. But next moment our smoke had hidden it. We couldn't get a shot in."

This same ship experienced another alarm. On a hot Sunday afternoon just after tea-time the electric bells began ringing through the ship. All passengers on deck were made to scurry inside and to gather at the head of the main stairway. The doors were shut and then followed instantly the tearing, deafening report of a gun. "Put on your lifebelts" was the order given. With admirable courage and coolness the women obeyed, then awaited further developments. Their hearts beat faster than usual. They were some of them a little white about the lips. But they had counted the cost of what they did before they started. They showed no fear.

Again and again that sound which made even men jump and stuff handkerchiefs into their ears, was repeated. Windows were broken all over the ship. The flashes made those who looked out think for the moment that they were blinded. The crashes set nerves on edge, made all who had never heard gun-fire at close quarters before feel quite sure that they never wanted to hear it again.

In reality there was no danger. A strange object which had at first the appearance of a submarine periscope was sighted off the port bow. Taking no risks, the gunners fired on it. As it drifted past, it was seen to be a buoy with a pole sticking out of it. The pole was certainly like a periscope, and as the buoy rolled in a heavy sea, it did resemble what one might see of a submarine's hull in like conditions. The opportunity for gun-practice was too good to be let slip Sixty rounds were fired. Then the passengers were released, with something very interesting to talk about for the rest of the afternoon.

Though there are so few of us, there is no lack of interesting talk. For each traveller has a reason for travelling. The type of person who drifts from one part of the world to the other without knowing why fills up a lot of space on Atlantic liners in ordinary times. But not in war-time. Every passenger now has a definite object in making the voyage, and it is the people with objects in life who are the interesting people. There are a number of young men returning to the United States to serve in the Army which is going to help in finishing the war. There are British men of business who have placed their services at the disposal of their country and who are going to spend British money in the United States. There are plucky young Englishwomen who

have volunteered to work for the British War Mission. There is an American newspaper man returning from the front and a British newspaper man commissioned to tell the British public how America is making war.

Plenty of talk then to while away the long summer days until one morning my Irish room-steward tells me "Ye'll be landin' to-morrow night or maybe the mornin' afther." We have all been longing for the voyage to be over, but now that it is nearly ended, we almost regret it. On some ships the men passengers are asked to take night watches on the bridge, and they grumble, as men will, yet they are regretful when their duties come to an end. Why is it? This voyage has been longer than any I ever made across the Atlantic. What has made us enjoy it? What is it that will make us look back on it as a voyage of unusual interest? It is that spice of adventure I spoke of. It is the tinge of danger. Travelling has ceased to be humdrum, uneventful. It has become romantic again.

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

THE AMERICAN SOLDIERS IN FRANCE[1]

Headquarters, Canadian Army, France.

EMBEDDED in the heart of the great Canadian Army in France is a body of American citizens in khaki, who have already succeeded in effecting another of the several revolutions produced in warfare by the United States.

The first and most important was the aeroplane invented by the Wrights, of Dayton, Ohio. The second is the machine-gun, originally designed by Maxim, with the newer Lewis light machine-gun easily carried, or for use on aeroplanes.

The third revolution is one that I would hardly believe had I not had ocular demonstration. It is the conversion of the British Tommy to a faith in pork and beans as a diet instead of the beef on which he has fought since the time of the Norman conquest of England.

These Americans in the British Army, with whom I have just spent a day, are part of the topsy-turveydom in which we are living, and when I saw them marching back from the trenches to the tunes of "My Country, 'tis of Thee," "The Star-Spangled Banner," and the less classic and more modern ragtime, I wondered what the small American boys, who have so often teased me on

[1] This, the first account of the Americans in our Army, was written early in 1917 for the 850 journals of the United Press of America.

Independence Day celebrations in your country, would have thought of a factor in the war that is not sufficiently known in the United States.

I propose telling you what the American soldiers in the British and French Armies are doing, where they come from, how they live, and why they came.

The Germans are particularly bitter towards them, and say that these splendid young Americans were hired by the Allies. From the German point of view the pay of the Americans, who are fighting against Prussianism, is, doubtless, princely. It amounts exactly to a dollar and a quarter a day. I leave people in the United States to judge whether that be the sort of remuneration that is calculated to draw American university graduates—some with considerable private fortunes—business men, real-estate men, clerks, lumber men, engineers, across the Atlantic. The falsehood is one of the bits of German boomerang propaganda with which neutrals are becoming acquainted.

The Americans in the British and French Armies enlisted in divers ways in the first few months of the war. Many went to England direct and entered the British Army. Those who were living in Europe at the outbreak of the war formed a union with the British residents in France and joined the French. Others went over later and entered the flying services, where they have done splendid work.

Early in the war, during the battle of the Marne, I was billeted with a number of our dispatch-riders, and much surprised to find that the particular company with whom I was spending the night were mainly from the United States. It is almost impossible to estimate the numbers of Americans in these two Armies, but if we include those engaged in the noble work of the American Ambu-

lance in Paris and its numerous automobile convoys, it has been estimated at quite a sufficient number to have made the American language, American music, and Boston baked beans familiar.

A great feature of the war on the Western front at present are the day and night raids—a stark form of individual fighting encouraged by the British leader, Sir Douglas Haig, in which the Canadians and British, who have a considerable force of Americans with them, are adepts. Each raid, as I have said, is a miniature battle. It was in studying this form of warfare that I had the pleasure of seeing the Americans who are serving with a Canadian regiment reviewed by a general on their return from the firing line for a rest and a New Year's Day dinner that was a week late.

By a curious coincidence the setting of the scene was that of a thousand of American and Canadian lumber camps, even down to the log-houses. We were just out of shell range of the German runs, though the British artillery was talking all the time. As the men came down the hillside, through the tall pine trees, it did not take long for one who has visited most of the States of the Union to detect, despite the mud and fatigue, from which of the world's continents they came. They were in the highest of high spirits. Released from the cramped tension of the always shelled, water-logged trenches, they came tumbling over each other like schoolboys. All are in pleasant and happy relations with their Canadian and British officers, which make for good fighting and do not derogate from strict discipline. They were paraded for a moment or two for inspection; and, as company after company formed into line, I could not but admire the quickness—cumbered as they were with all sorts of equipment, and an extra suit of caked mud—with which they

came to attention and eyes right. If I had any doubt as to the home of these stalwart fighters for freedom it would have been settled by a steady movement of the jaws, betokening a habit which is rapidly spreading among the English and French, and which is said by doctors to be quite a useful relaxation when under the fire of trench mortars and *Minenwerfer*. Before each company was dismissed I was allowed to make them a short speech and to mix and mingle as freely as I chose. I had brought with me a newspaper cutting from a German source, in which it was said that the Americans complained of their treatment. I had only to read it to the first group to have it hotly denied. "We are having a perfectly corking time, despite the mud," said a Californian with a figure several sizes taller and larger than Mr. Hearst's and a voice as resonant as Mr. Roosevelt's. "You will not find a 'grouch' in the whole 'outfit,' except that we had not expected to have to learn mud-swimming and that we do not see enough home newspapers." "As for that," replied another, "I don't want to see mine. The folks sent it along at first, but I stopped it, for it gave only Fritzy's side of the case."

I found lack of home newspapers to be a general complaint. All who have relatives or friends in the American army, should see that they get a newspaper every week.

These American boys are proud, and rightly proud, of the deeds of their own American men and officers. In the midst of this vast army—the British Army in France has now been publicly stated to exceed two million men —they occupy an anomalous, if proud, position.

Among the heroic dead there is no greater story than that of Major Stewart, for twelve years in the American cavalry, who joined in the great Canadian attack on the

Regina Trench—named after the Canadian town of Regina. Though not engaged in that particular operation, he could not resist the temptation to dash over the parapet with a cry of "Come on, boys!" Terribly wounded, he endeavoured to struggle forward against the Germans, but was carried back and then killed by shell fire. He is one of the many Americans whose dare-devilry has endeared them to their Canadian and British associates.

While most of the newspaper dispatches from Washington which reach the French and English newspapers were full of the word "peace" these husky young American citizens would not hear of it. "To h—— with peace talk," said a bright-eyed boy from Kansas City, "while these slant-heads across the line there are enslaving French and Belgian women and children. There would be none of this peace business at home if the people there knew the facts." On New Year's Day the Boche soldiers put out boards saying "Why not have a peace talk?" The reply of the whole Allied line was an artillery bombardment which clenched the question.

A blue-eyed American from Wisconsin, with, I should think, Swedish blood in his veins, said, "Our people at home do not seem to realise that talking peace terms with the Germans still in France means a German victory. The home folks do not know what we know. In the matter of fight the Prussians, brave as they are, are down and out." "The German Government is crying out for peace," added a hatchet-faced Yankee who had gone out West as a boy, made good, and thrown up all for the war, "because the German Army and the German people know that we have got them where we want them."

There is little bitterness against the enemy among the

Canadian, American, and British soldiers. They admire his mass fighting, his machine-like disciplne, but they have no use for him in the kind of warfare now going on. "You will find the Canadians and Americans a thinking, independent army," remarked the distinguished British general who had given me permission to spend this very interesting day, and so I found them to be. They had brought to the stock of vitality and knowledge embraced in the wonderful citizen Armies of France and England the qualities inherited by the generations which have spanned the North American Continent with its railroads, chained Niagara, linked up the world's cities and armies by telephone, lit the dug-outs with incandescent lamps, cheered them with canned music, and brought a thousand other mechanical ideas to perfection.

If you take a map of the United States and go up and down the American lines in France you will find no city, great or small, which has not sent a flying man, a bomber, an artilleryman, a sniper, or dispatch rider to help to destroy Prussian despotism. In the United States you probably hear more of the spectacular part of the American work—that which enthrals the whole world—the new art of fighting in the skies. I confess, indeed, that although I have spent many weeks at the war the spectacle of winged fighters high in the sunlight is one that holds my attention as nothing in the world ever has. In peace times, and when we were younger, we have often been thrilled by a close baseball or football match; but when, sheltered perhaps in a trench, we see two specks approaching each other and with a pair of strong glasses gradually realise that one is an American who has given up everything—home, prosperity, and probably life—to throw himself into a

foreign Army, and that the other is a brave German doing what he conceives to be his duty, we recognise that here are two combatants worth watching.

Very rarely do the Germans venture over our lines, and one has to be very far forward nowadays to get a good view of a fight between the Allies and the enemy in the air. I have had that good fortune several times. Air fighting in 1914 bore as much resemblance to air fighting in 1917 as an old steam automobile to a six-cylinder of to-day. There is a perpetual match in speeding up between the enemy and the Allies. Four or five miles an hour extra pace means everything. It is not the increase of engine power to over 200 h.p. that has brought about the change so much as the wonderful progress of the art of flying itself, and it is just here that the Anglo-Saxon and the Frenchman beat the slower-minded German. It is just for this reason why the German soldiers' letters are so full of complaint about the over-cautious German airman.

When Pégoud invented looping the loop people asked, "Why? What is the use of it?" Pégoud was a very considerable inventor as well as a flyer, is the answer. Looping the loop is a useful manœuvre, and it has been succeeded by that extraordinary development, the nose dive, in which the airman seems to fall like a stone for thousands of feet, till the spectator's hair rises from his head in horror. Suddenly the machine flattens out, scoots away, and you find that it is only a trick after all. I talked with one of our wounded boys—he was just nineteen—who had fallen 8,000 feet owing to his rudder wire connection being shot through. By a miracle his machine straightened itself out automatically within a hundred yards of the ground, and the boy is alive and will fly again. I asked him his sensations: he is probably

the only man in the world alive who has fallen 8,000 feet—more than ten times the height of the Woolworth building, New York City, 750 feet. He said that for a long time—what seemed like hours—he knew that he was falling, and falling at a tremendous speed, and then he lost consciousness, as in a dream, and found himself being picked out of the wreck of his machine by people who thought that he was dead.

At the beginning of an air fight there is manœuvring for position and feinting as in boxing. There are, as a rule, two men in each machine—a pilot and an observer —except in the smaller types, in which the wings are clipped down to nothing to get extra speed and climbing power. Knowledge of engine and plane power, quickness of decision, and accuracy of shooting with the Lewis gun are essential to the pilot. His observer is provided with some form of pistol and often with bombs.

The rival planes, like giant hawks, hover around, above, or below each other, till one more expert or more daring than the other manœuvres his opponent into a position from which he has either got to fight or flee. The knock-out blow is usually a sudden descent on the enemy, accompanied by accurate machine-gun fire. Sometimes it become a duel with Browning pistols, in which the men are so close that they can see each other's eyes. The thing is over before you realise it. One machine is off and away, and the other whirls and crashes down, down, down to earth.

The British Army does not permit the names of its flying heroes to be published. In telling you, therefore, of the American flyers, I must deal with those Americans in the French Army.

Lieutenant Thaw, of Pittsburg, was one of a number of Americans who entered the famous Foreign Legion

of the French Army on the outbreak of war, and is the senior American flying officer in France. His name and that of his colleagues are better known in Europe than in their own country.

In giving a list of those whose names are known (some, alas! are lying beneath the wooden cross) I can say no more than that they are worthy representatives of a great nation.

Lieutenant Thaw was followed by Bert Hall, from Texas, James Bach, D. Masson, Givas Lufbery, James McConnell, of Chicago, Chouteau Johnson, of New York, Elliot Cowdin, Kiffin Rockwell, Clyde Balsley, of Texas, Dudley Hill, of Peekskill, New York, and Victor Chapman.

The policy of the American airmen serving with the French Army is that of the British and French—to attack. They have played a goodly part in the invention of the constantly changing tactics of air fighting.

My last recollection of the American soldiers was their well-spread New Year's table, at which was everything the tired man from across the Atlantic could want, from turkeys to dough-nuts.

I put one question to a score of those whose mothers were not ashamed to raise them to be soldiers. I asked them why they had come. The reply of the American in France is the same every time, whether you meet him with the Canadian Army, the British Army, or the French Army. They all say words to this effect:—"The sort of thing that has been going on in Europe as the result of the horrible organised savagery of the Prussians has got to be stopped. We want to stop it before it reaches our own country. We have come over here to do it, and, thank God, we know that we are helping to do it, and it is to be thoroughly done."

To which one of them added as I said good-night:—"If any one asks you what sort of a time the Americans are having just hand them out one good home-word—'Bully.'"

WHAT TO SEND "YOUR SOLDIER"

WHAT TO SEND TO "YOUR SOLDIER"

A NUMBER of people have asked me the question since my arrival in the United States: What are the gifts which the soldier in the field most gratefully appreciates? Hundreds of thousands of fathers and mothers, of sisters and cousins, of uncles and aunts, will soon be wanting to send parcels to the hundreds of thousands of American soldiers who are going to France "to serve the cause of Liberty in this great war," as President Wilson has happily put it. Unless they are advised, they may very likely, in the kindness of their hearts, send the wrong gifts. A dear old lady in England forwarded to her nephew at the front a typewriter "to write his letters with," an elaborate picnic-basket; and a manicure set solidly mounted in silver. She did not understand that the soldier has to carry about with him everything that he possesses. Her gifts found their way swiftly to the nearest pawnbroker's.

Every extra pound that the soldier carries on his back means extra fatigue. At first he begins nearly always by loading himself up with all kinds of articles which add to the comfort and convenience of life, but which weigh a great deal more than he finds it pleasant to bear. He soon discards them. He brings his burden down to the irreducible minimum. One day I came across some of our men in a village near the firing-line who were turning out their waterproof canvas bags with a view

to lightening them. It was pathetic to watch them reckoning up what they could best do without. Soldiers accumulate every variety of queer "treasures." One had been carting about for a long time the head of a German shell "for some one at Home." He had to choose between it and a tin of sardines. Another was sadly contemplating a small carriage-clock. I did not ask him whether it was a present or a "find." It was given to a French villager in exchange for "red wine all round."

That is the first and most important thing to bear in mind, then. Whatever you send, your soldier will either have to carry with him wherever he goes, or else leave behind.

Next, remember that he is leading a simple life and that his needs are for the most part elemental. Don't be misled into saying to yourself: "Oh, that is such an ordinary thing. He can surely buy that for himself." Often it happens that the soldier is out of reach of shops for a long while. He may be passing his time between the trenches and some village behind the firing-line, where all that can be bought are inferior chocolate and cigarettes, these at exorbitant prices. At many points there are Y. M. C. A. huts which sell all kinds of things that soldiers need. These are doing a most useful work: they also serve as rest-houses for the men, restaurants, tea-shops, and entertainment halls. But a man may not come within reach of one of these stores, or of any place where he can make purchases, for weeks, and maybe months, at a time.

Such necessaries as soap, toothbrushes, writing-paper and envelopes are apt to be very welcome. At all events, sent from Home, they are likely to be of better quality than any that can be bought in the area of war. I recollect one man telling me he derived an exquisite pleasure

from washing himself with a certain kind of soap always used in his mother's house.

The best sweets to send are, I should say, chocolate and bulls' eyes. Chewing-gum should certainly not be forgotten. It is not easy to buy in France. The bulls' eyes ought to have plenty of peppermint in them, for it is the peppermint which keeps those who suck them warm on a cold night. It also has a digestive effect, though that is of small account at the front, where health is so good and indigestion hardly ever even heard of. The open-air life, the regular and plenteous feeding, the exercise, and the freedom from care and responsibility, keep the soldiers extraordinarily fit and contented. Many have assured me that they never knew what it was to feel perfectly well and strong before.

Wrist watches are welcome gifts, and these should all have luminous hands so that the owner can tell the time in the dark; they should also have the little protective covers on them which look like tiny gridirons. They are valuable for keeping the watch-glass unbroken. There is a tiny stove sold in England called "Tommy's Cooker." No doubt this either is or soon will be procurable here. The spirit which it burns is not liquid, but solid, a great convenience for Tommy. This is a useful little present. Electric torches *with plenty of refills* come in handy. They are better than candles, though these are at times worth their weight in coin. When a squad is settling into a barn or an outhouse for the night, a dark night and a long night, from five o'clock in the evening perhaps till eight next morning, the men who have candle ends in their bags are envied by all their fellows.

Indelible pencils and fountain pens, especially those which fill themselves without need of a glass syringe,

never come amiss. No matter though you think your soldier has one. Very likely he has lost or broken it. Anyway he will either break or lose it before long. You may be sure he will not mind having one in reserve. The same applies to wrist-watches, and also to pipes. They are small and light to carry in the pocket. A new one is never superfluous. Put a pipe in always when you are sending a parcel, if he smokes a pipe. Put one in even if he does not, for he can "trade" the pipe away for something else. Put in some of his favourite tobacco as well. Probably he cannot get it anywhere in France. Nothing will stir his feelings more surely than the flavour of the mixture he was accustomed to use at Home.

Knives are necessities to the soldier. He wants them for varied employments. He must have strong blades. He requires next in order a corkscrew, not a flimsy one liable to be broken by the first tough cork it encounters; an awl for making holes; scissors, and a saw. Knives with these attachments will make him happy and get him out of many a difficulty. Small "housewives," by which I mean cases containing needles and cotton, thread, buttons, safety-pins, and so on, are an immense help when minor repairs are necessary. Nothing bulky or complicated: just the necessaries for sewing up rents, sewing on buttons, stitching burst button-holes.

Playing cards are grateful and comforting to all who find recreation in card-games. Decks of cards get very quickly soiled and greasy in the trenches. Fresh decks are hailed with enthusiasm. If your soldier is more of a reader than a card-player, send him books, only be sure they are small books, "infinite riches in a little room." A tiny selection of poems by a favourite poet, or a miniature edition of some story, some essays, some work

of research or imagination, an edition that will go into the pocket without taking up too much space. That is a gift which will bring to many a soldier the finest pleasure of all pleasures, absorption in the visions or the thoughts of one of the world's great minds.

Remember that soldiers at the front have a great deal of time on their hands. They need occupation. Select your presents with that in mind. Musical instruments, if they are small, mouth-organs, for example, are much sought after. In Italy the soldiers play on little mandolins specially made for the front. In Russia the balalika, a kind of guitar, is heard very often: the concertina too. Many French soldiers produce charming music from shepherd's pipes.

As for warm things to wear, those which the soldiers prize most highly are knitted mufflers, ten or twelve inches wide and from four to five feet long, which can be wound all round the head in bitter weather or passed about the body so as to form a woollen waistcoat. Knitted helmets are good to save ears from frostbite: see that there is plenty of material to come down over the shoulders and chest. Mittens and thick socks are always acceptable in the weather which prevails in the north and east of France from October until April. The socks must be very large for the foot which is to be kept warm by them. Khaki handkerchiefs may be sent as often as you like. They are better than white ones, and a fresh supply is always handy. Vaseline is a good gift. It can be used for many purposes. It serves as a lubricant. It eases feet that have marched far. It is good for burns. It relieves the pain of sunburnt or windburnt skin. Pond's Extract is another useful medicament. Do not forget safety-razors and shaving soap.

Those I think are some of the chief things that the

boys in the trenches need. But most of all they long for letters from Home, and for the Home town newspaper. World-news they get in English or French journals: it is local news they hunger for. Write to them and send them such newspapers at least once a week. I have sometimes had to turn away from groups of soldiers at the front because I could not bear to see the anguish on the faces of men who saw their comrades reading letters and who had received none themselves. Do not let your soldier have to feel the sharp and painful sting of neglect. Keep him well supplied with news and loving words.

THE ARMY OF THE MAPLE LEAF

THE ARMY OF THE MAPLE LEAF

Headquarters, Canadian Army, France.

A BRILLIANT late summer Canadian morning in Winnipeg—Labour Day, when hour after hour a procession of stalwart trade unionists, with their music and banners, passed along the American-looking streets bearing proudly the emblems of their trades.

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That half-forgotten scene was in my mind as I waited by the roadside in Flanders to see the same men, square-jawed, on their way through the snow to the ordeal of the firing line. For some of these Canadians it was their first trial; others had been "over the top" again and again in the raids in which they have been so successful in capturing and agitating the enemy.

In appearance Canadian soldiers more closely resemble British soldiers than any of the others from overseas. Many are of a great stature, especially the Scotsmen from Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton, some of the descendants of the disbanded Highland regiments of long ago. Quite a number speak Gaelic. Most of the other English-speakers are of the strong and stocky Canadian and American type, which has resulted from a generation or two of the natural life of the out-of-doors men. The French Canadians are smaller, but they are wiry.

The Canadian front in France is a replica in miniature of the whole vast Dominion. It is a world of the railroads, the forests, the farms, the mines, the lakes, the rivers, the banks, insurance, real estate, the lumber camp and, dare I whisper it? even politics.

The Canadian soldiers have had good and bad luck. At home many of them are accustomed and willing to rough it in all sorts of ways, and they were, therefore, inured to discomfort. They had not experienced damp mud, and the dreadful mud of that first rainy winter on Salisbury Plain was a real misfortune. They bore their trials nobly, though so arduous were the conditions that the actual mortality was serious.

All their ill luck, however, was more than balanced when they secured for their leader one of the ablest, as well as one of the best-liked generals in the whole war—Sir Julian Byng, a worthy representative of a great fighting family.

After Sir Julian took command the Canadians humorously called themselves "The Bing Boys," after a popular musical comedy. In one battle they gaily signalled back from within a few yards of the artillery barrage that "The Bing Boys are here," denoting their arrival at the second German Trench.

There was still lingering in the Overseas mind an old lurking suspicion of the Imperial Officer: it dated back to General Braddock's mishandling of the American Colonists, and the treatment of young Colonel George Washington when he was fighting on the English side. Such doubts, however, did not apply to Sir Julian Byng, who had the absolute confidence and affection of his warmhearted and practical army. Sir Julian is a big, well-made man with strong jaws, strong ears, and a strong walk, distinctly handsome with dark blue eyes.

His military experience is as complete and varied as that of any officer at the war. His Canadian colleagues, General Currie, General Watson, General Lipsitt, and French-Canadians with names like Bubuc and Papineau, all spoke with the same enthusiasm of their Chief.

It was General Currie who was selected to succeed General Byng in command of the Canadian Forces, and who still commands them. He is a huge Ontario man who made his way West, gathered a fortune in Real Estate and Insurance in the delightful city of Victoria, B. C., and has proved himself as good a soldier as man of business. He is probably one of the biggest Generals in our Army, and certainly one of the most silent. General Watson, whom I have known for several years, is the owner of the *Quebec Chronicle*.

Each of the British Armies in France has its own characteristics. One of the keynotes of the Canadian character is quick adaptability. The boy who works the lift in the Vancouver hotel and tries to sell you a corner lot may, within twelve months, be running his own real estate office or developing some industry far away on the Yukon. The atmosphere of adaptability in that climate is infectious. The London suburban clerk, who has stood the dull imprisonment of tube, typewriter, and bed-sitting-room until nature has burst his bonds, catches on to the Canadian life in most cases with a rapidity that is due to the vitalising sunshine and the opportunities that offer themselves to everybody except those who are born temperamentally as "quitters."

Sir Julian Byng and the other Canadian generals have utilised this adaptability to the utmost. Be it remembered always that the Dominion troops are undergoing experiences in contrast not known to our own men. Whereas the difference in life in England and Flanders

is not very great, the difference between Dominion life and European life is vast. The absence of sunshine and the damp, the difference of the diet and the surroundings, constitute an hourly and daily contrast between North American life and ours. It is the French Canadians only who have an advantage over the others. Billet them in a French village and they are at once at home with the inhabitants. Their Louis XIV. accent does not differ as much from the ordinary French as do the dialects of, let us say, Picardy and the Midi.

Byng and his Canadian generals utilised the specialities of the daily work of the Canadians with signal effect. He and his officers "got together," to use an expression often heard in Canada continually in conferences and lectures. By this means they found out exactly what particular aptitudes the Canadians could bring to bear in beating the Boche. One speciality is map-making and surveying. For obvious reasons the Canadians are probably the greatest map-makers in the world, just as they are the greatest railroad builders. They are map-makers by necessity, for they have a rich and largely undeveloped territory forty times the size of the Old Country, which is being mapped and surveyed continuously. For the better accomplishment of their purpose they have not only developed their own map-makers, but have absorbed the best talent from Europe. That skill has now been developed in the Canadian Army in France. When I visited Sir Julian two features of his small personal workroom attracted my attention—the theatre posters of the *Bing Boys* and the red-hot maps showing German positions of yesterday afternoon which had been already photographed by aviators, developed, mapped, printed and circulated up and down the line. This would be "going some" even in Fleet Street. Accurate

photography and mapping of the enemy lines is a life saver of the first importance. How often in the earlier days of the war did we bow our heads before heavy casualty lists caused by machine-guns from a German trench that had been overlooked in the planning of a bombardment!

I have described so many Armies in outline and the broad outlines of our Armies are so similar, that I can only here deal with a few of the marked differences. The Canadians are great as raiders. Each raid, as I have before pointed out, is a battle in miniature, and sometimes quite a large battle. One of the very first of these modern raids, if not the first, was successfully accomplished by the Canadians at Messines. I find that people at home do not quite realise the significance of these sudden and violent pounces on the German trenches. Their effect may be gathered from some of the German documents with which I shall conclude this chapter. In general, it may be said that these raids, which began as small movements for the identification of opposing forces, are now a successful means of breaking the worn German *moral*. Snow and frost have been no deterrent to the Canadians, to whom 20 and even 40 below zero are not unknown.

It was the information obtained by aggressive raiding, and by air-photography which led in large part to the splendid success of the Canadians in capturing Vimy Ridge, an exploit which will remain marked in history as one of the most dashing achievements of the War. This was the opening phase of the stubborn struggle which has been going on ever since for the possession of Lens and its coalfields (now, as I write, high hopes are entertained of their capture within a short time). The storming of the Ridge was an operation planned with

admirable decision and brilliantly executed. Nothing could have been finer or more spirited than the behaviour of the Canadian troops. Many of them "went over the top" with cigarettes between their lips. As, at one point, they lay waiting to advance further a captain of my acquaintance found himself next to an Irish Canadian soldier crouching amid a whistling of bullets and bursting of shells which for the moment made progress inadvisable. Without raising his head the soldier looked at the officer from under his steel helmet. "Cap," he said, "there's no doubt about it, this is a dangerous war."

Vimy Ridge marked the culmination of the Canadian Army's remarkable upward curve of efficiency which began when it found itself in so tight a place in the fighting around Ypres during the Spring of 1915. Their development proceeded upon two parallel lines. Staff work went forward with daily increase of grasp and ingenuity. The *moral* of the troops improved at the same time in the most encouraging way.

At the beginning the Canadian Army had to set to work to create staffs of its own as it went along. Here I should say for the benefit of those who are not yet fully acquainted with the terminology of war that staff work includes all the seeing and hearing and thinking and planning which are the necessary preliminaries to military operations. Canadian Officers took to this work quickly and with penetrating intelligence. They realised the need in the modern battle for unity of action; action timed with exactitude to the minute, to the second even; combined action of the different arms. They so skilfully co-ordinated the activities of artillery and infantry that the troops now move forward with confidence and in the perfect certainty of being supported, and of having the

way prepared for them, by their guns. It would astonish you if I could print here a time table I have seen of what is called "barrage fire" that is to say, fire designed to create a zone of death which shall bar the enemy from hindering the advance of the men with the bayonets upon whom in the last analysis the capture of positions always depend. This zone of death was, according to the time table, to be moved forward every few minutes. Every company officer, every platoon commander, knew where it would be at any given second and was able to time his men's movements in consonance with this knowledge. The steady and systematic fashion in which the Canadians have carried out the tasks assigned to them during the very severe fighting of 1916 and 1917 has been due largely to the excellence of the staff work done in the rear of the storming columns.

For the rest it has been due to the *moral* of the army, the result of the strict discipline enforced as soon as the training of the men settled down upon serious lines. That discipline stiffened unseasoned recruits into the troops who held Langemarck in the face of fearful odds and in spite of terrible losses. And once these troops had proved themselves, once they had come through the ordeal by fire, the Canadian Army had what every army requires, if it is to do itself justice: it had a tradition. Langemarck endowed it with a reputation to maintain. Every man felt that he had something to live up to. The men who joined the regiments which had already distinguished themselves were taught that they must never let the regimental prestige suffer, never fail to uphold the honourable name that had been won before they joined. The new Units as they took the field came under the influence of this inspiration, and so the whole force was welded together into an engine of steady

power and unconquerable zeal. Traditions have immense value. The Canadian Army acquired theirs in a marvellously short time and paid heavily for them. They have been of inestimable value to it.

The Germans were soon taught to dread meeting the men of the Maple Leaf. They were so unwilling to engage Canadians at close quarters that the German Officers were obliged to invent a story that the men from Canada were savages who killed without mercy, refusing to allow any enemy to surrender himself. After Vimy Ridge had been stormed, documents were found in German dugouts showing that every effort was made to terrify the gullible Hun into putting up a stiff fight. "Remember the Canadians take no prisoners," the German soldiers were told in Divisional Orders. Day after day the attack was expected by the enemy, whose nerves were set on edge by the tension of waiting always on the alert, and by the alarming stories set about by their officers. When the attack was made they were in less good shape to resist than they might have been if they had not been thus worried and alarmed.

German discipline sometimes tells against the very objects at which it aims. Prisoners taken by the Canadians have told how units which failed to hold positions assigned to them are punished by being sent to other points of even greater danger or by being kept in the trenches far beyond their usual span of duty. These prisoners explained that, having failed to repulse attack, they knew they would be victimised when they got back to their own lines, so they felt their best course was to surrender.

What surprises the war investigator is not only the quickness with which the Dominion men have taken to warfare, but the completeness with which their Govern-

ment has equipped its Armies. The Canadians brought everything with them, from highly skilled surgeons and nurses to maple sugar. Every one knows that there are no better hospitals in the world than such institutions as the Royal Victoria in Montreal, and Canadian nursing is famous all over North America, from Edmonton to Key West, from North Sydney to San Francisco. It was to be expected, therefore, that despite the criticisms of disgruntled politicians the Canadian medical arrangements in France would be excellent. One of the best hospitals that I have seen since the beginning of the war is their fine one at St. Cloud, just outside Paris.

I spent a couple of days with the Canadian soldiers and found that they had no cause of complaint of any sort, except that, unlike the British, they cannot go home on leave, and are therefore doubly exiled, and that they were equipped at the outset with the Ross rifle, which they told me was an excellent weapon for match shooting, but a real friend to the Boche, as a Nova Scotian explained, when it came to warfare. It does not take a Canadian long to make up his mind. The Ross rifle was automatically abandoned by the soldiers, and they are now armed with our serviceable weapon, which is as able as any to withstand the mud and violence of war.

Just a word as to the constitution of the Canadian Army. The earliest contingents were naturally composed of a considerable proportion of emigrants from the Old Country. Latterly, native-born Canadians have predominated. In fact, on my second day with the Canadian troops I encountered none but Canadians, both French and English-speaking, with the Americans whom I have described elsewhere. The French Canadians have so far not enlisted in numbers commensurate with the

population of the great French provinces. But those who are in France are enthusiastic soldiers. Their enthusiasm is largely for the cause of their French kinsmen. It is probable that if the French side could be explained in Quebec by some of the brave French priests from the trenches, French Canada's share would be more worthy. To meet them marching along a cobble-stoned road of Flanders, dressed exactly like our English soldiers, but speaking French, is one of the thousand confusing incidents of the front. Captain Papineau told me that these Canadian Frenchmen have brought back to France the old folk-songs taken away by their ancestors between two and three centuries ago. Sometimes as they pass through the French villages singing their songs the old inhabitants come out to hear lilts that had almost passed from their memory. A Parisian journalist told me that their French has intermingled with it many sea terms. The *émigrés* of that time were largely from Brittany and its ports, and to this day they continue the sea talk of their fathers.

One of my Canadian glimpses was a little procession of shattered-looking enemy prisoners, with their crestfallen officers, all in very different mood from those with whom I had conversed twelve months before. They were not only cowed, but—what I have never seen in Prussian officers before—shabby as to their clothes. It was explained to me by a Canadian who spoke German that it is the arrival of the big guns that has alarmed them. For years they had relied on big guns, and now the British and French have bigger guns. Something that had never entered into the calculations had appeared.

Let me quote from some documents captured upon them. Here writes a lieutenant of the 170th Regiment:—

"You are still in Champagne and no longer in the

witches' cauldron on the edge of which we are sitting, always waiting. During the last few days the air has been alive with aviators, and still more so with heavy shells which have been flying over our heads. Yesterday at noon there was an intense bombardment, frightfully near us, at Beaumont, and an attack which is said to have been repulsed. The number of guns, and of the heaviest calibres, too, that the English possess is uncanny, and the amount of ammunition they fire off quite fabulous. And in addition, which is so bad, their airmen are constantly over our lines, discover our batteries so that they may be peppered, and are always attacking our captive balloons, which is the same thing as putting our eyes out. Meanwhile the sky is black with captive balloons and hostile airmen—but of that I will say nothing, it would be merely pouring water into the Rhine. Solely the English artillery, the English Flying Corps and their balloon observation, have given them the success they have attained. That they have gained no more, in spite of all, is due to our German infantry. We could save several thousands of lives if only we had the English airmen and gunners. It makes one despair when one thinks of it all."

From a Bavarian:—

"The war fanatics and their friends ought to go through this literal hell and feel its effects on their own bodies, and then they themselves would surely come to the decision: Peace, peace at any price is the one and only maxim that ought to direct the Government's policy."

A Company Report, 5th Guard Grenadier Regiment:—

"I *urgently* request that I may be relieved *to-morrow* night, in case no relief takes place to-day. The men have to lie in holes (there are no longer any dug-outs

in my sector). In addition there is very brisk and well-aimed artillery and trench mortar fire. We are so exhausted physically and mentally that with the best will (and that is not lacking) we are no longer in that physical state of readiness that is absolutely essential."

A private's letter:—

"Not a day passes but the English let off their gas waves over our trenches at one place or another. People five or six miles behind the front have become unconscious from the tail of the gas clouds. Its effects are felt at even 7½ miles behind the front. One has only to look at the rifles after a gas attack to see what deadly stuff it is. They are red with rust, as if they had lain for weeks in the mud. And the effect of the continuous bombardment is indescribable."

From a man of the 11th R.I.R.:—

"We entrained at Savigny and at once knew our destination—our old 'blood bath,' the Somme. We relieved the 119th on October 7 and had dreadful casualties that night. The 9th Company dwindled to 29 men; two platoons were taken prisoners, and the rest were buried in the dug-outs. Our company has up to date lost 30 men."

From a letter written by a man in hospital:—

"Our regiment was suddenly taken from Flanders and flung into the Somme district. Twelve days we stayed there and were completely smashed up. Ten days I endured that hell and came to the end of my strength."

From another:—

"Yes, my dear comrade, I have been on the Somme, but can only tell you that I have been through a great deal in this war. Such a slaughter of men as there was there I have not yet experienced, for in two days our division was wiped out. I cannot help wondering that

I came off with a whole skin, but there were not many of us."

From a man of the 3rd Reserve Ersatz Regiment:—

"The officers we have up to the rank of captain are mostly boys, who have no idea of anything. They draw high pay and have food and drink in abundance. We, on the other hand, live miserably. We do not receive by a long way what we should. The German Government is always writing about other States, and the German Government is far worse. The German Government deceives the people in a very shameful way: one sees it now very clearly in this wholesale murder. One can hardly help being ashamed of being a German. We must turn our rifles round and destroy the whole Government. Dear Grete, if I should happen not to return, then think how I have written to you about it all, that the gang has caused us to be killed for fun and for sport. It is very different from the English. That is why they have not nearly so many losses. If only one of us shows himself, then they use up plenty of ammunition; but they work in hundreds without cover, and our guns don't fire. They are not allowed to—there is a shortage of ammunition. The newspapers write, of course, that the enemy is short of ammunition. By that they mean that we ourselves are. It is quite clear that Germany is losing and is getting into a terrible state. It is all right for the upper ten thousand. The canteens make a profit of two or three hundred per cent., not for us, of course, as they ought to do, but for the officers' club. The officers here live in great luxury. In the line the officers are in bomb-proof dug-outs. We, on the other hand, have filthy, wet tumbledown holes. The officers and others have it in their hands to take away our food, which we ought to have, but do not get. I have heard

it only too often from non-commissioned officers and old soldiers that if we had better leadership we should often have been able to do something without heavy losses, but we are generally too late, or do it in the wrong way and with heavy loss. If the young officers did not swank so much and treated the men more like human beings we should be more content and more would be accomplished; but we hate our officers. We are bound to, for what miserable grub we get, while those swine live on the fat of the land!

"Here, in Tenbrielen, where the airmen throw bombs, and where we shall get artillery fire very shortly, there is a dug-out for the officers, but none for the men. In this wholesale murder we get to know completely how much we are under the knout."

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Expressions of misery such as these are being voiced by most of the prisoners captured anywhere between Alsace and Nieuport, but especially on the Somme and Ancre. Excursions to other theatres of the war are regarded as more or less joy rides by the Prussian and Bavarian soldiers.

The citizen armies of the British, the Dominions, and the French peoples have anchored the greater part of the real German forces in front of them, within easy reach of London and Paris. It is the German object to detach these armies of ours and scatter them in little packets all over the world, in order that we shall not kill so many Prussians and Bavarians. The Canadians, who are clear-sighted people, accustomed to big tasks, see this situation very plainly, and one leaves the magnificent Canadian Army with a feeling of content that they, at

any rate, have not been recklessly dispersed, but are a compact wedge and perpetual menace to the great body of Germans immediately facing them in the dreary snowscape of North-Western France.

A CIVILIAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR

A CIVILIAN'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE WAR

It is a strange sensation, that of being the only man in civilian clothes among hundreds of thousands of soldiers.

At first the attention one receives from eyes always either curious or suspicious is embarrassing, and even after some weeks of the armies one never quite gets used to the situation. It is but natural that soldiers have no use for any but soldiers in war-time. Officers and men may not appear to be anxious, or working with great intensity, but every one in an army knows that he is part of an intricate machine, and that although his part may be only a small one, it is essential to the whole.

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A civilian, therefore, is an intruder, a mere passenger among an overworked crew. Almost the only civilians who are ever to be found in civilian costume close to the fighting-line are members of Parliament, members of the French Chamber of Deputies, or an occasional irregular correspondent. Regular correspondents, both with the French and British Armies, are in uniform. Even the kinematogaph operators with the French Army are in uniform, and wear the steel helmet of the troops—as well they may, for a stray shot from a rifle or a fragment of shrapnel may wander far from its intended path, and now and then the kinematograph operator, if he is to take a great picture, can only do so by getting

close to the enemy. Armies objected to civilians at the beginning of the war because they feared them as spies. It is now thought, however, that spies with the armies have been practically eradicated; and if there be any spies at the Front, they are not so foolish as to wear the ordinary overcoat and cap of civilian life, inviting as this would do a demand for passes and other papers at every turn.

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One's first impression of war is chaos and confusion, and the immensity of it all.

Miles back from the battle-line, it may be a hundred miles or only twenty, are the bases at which all the army supplies are first assembled and stored. We will say that the base is the port of ——, and from that base are supplied one hundred thousand men, with their horses, if they have them, their motors, bicycles, rifles, guns great and small, machine-guns, bombs, aeroplanes, observation balloons, clothes, medical stores, beef, bacon, butter, cheese, jam, pickles, pepper, salt, shells of all sizes, cartridges, forage, harness, cards, portable hospitals, ambulance-wagons, games, and a hundred and one other things which will suggest themselves to any person who has had something to do with the equipment of a single soldier since the war began. All these supplies have to be kept at high-water mark in regular daily rotation, and one easily understands how it is that in the British Army the all-round cost of a soldier is between five and six pounds a week. Realising that what one sees before one are only the supplies for one hundred thousand men, it requires very little effort of the imagination to picture the colossal stores needed for the four millions of men who are fighting in Belgium and France alone.

The first impression, therefore, of war, is the immensity and complication of it.

The next and more mature impression that one gets is that now war has settled down to a regular business, it proceeds at the bases with the clockwork regularity of a great business.

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Near most of the bases are the base hospitals. On what a gigantic scale are preparations made for the casualties in modern war! How truly wonderful are these hospitals, whether they be of the Royal Army Medical Corps, the British Red Cross Society, or the Order of St. John of Jerusalem! If there has been much fighting recently, the hotels which have been turned into hospitals and the remarkable hut hospitals will be filled. There never was a more wonderful work done in the world's history than the care of the wounded soldiers of the British Empire in this great struggle. On the north-west of France, between Etaples and Wimereux, are literally miles of hut hospitals, situated on high, dry ground, on well-built foundations, with well-made roads, electric light, and perfect operating theatres and dental parlours —hospitals just as good as the very best of their kind in our great cities at home, and staffed by men in the highest position in the medical profession, many of them having given up large practices in London, Montreal, or Sydney, as the case may be.[1] Elsewhere behind the lines are other hospitals of various types. To these establishments are attached wonderful convoys of ambulances.

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[1] Elsewhere in this volume I have dealt with the Medical Services in a chapter entitled "The War Doctors."

Though the precision and violence of modern weapons may have greatly increased the danger of warfare, science, Listerism, and mechanical ingenuity have come to the rescue by providing all sorts of means by which the lives of the wounded are saved. Chief among these is the motor-ambulance, which swiftly brings the wounded man from the casualty clearing-station in the field to a hospital where he is more thoroughly attended to, and then direct or to railhead for dispatch to the nearest base hospital. It is wonderful to think that there are men who have been seriously wounded, given due medical attention, taken to the base, and brought to London, all in less than eighteen hours.

In addition to land hospitals, there are floating hospitals, most beautifully fitted up, literally sea-palaces for the wounded. John Bull has indeed taken good care of those who have suffered in his cause. Let us hope, *and see to it, that he will be as thoughtful for the disabled and their dependents in the future.*

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Leaving the base, one is naturally anxious to reach actual warfare as speedily as one can. So much has been written about the British and the Belgian trenches, in which I have often stood, that I think it would be more interesting if I described in detail the approach to the great battle of Verdun, one of the greatest struggles in the history of the world.

Verdun is in Eastern France, about one hundred and fifty miles from Paris, and the battle zone began long, long before you get to the neighbourhood of Verdun itself. I went to Verdun by auto-car. The railways, of course, are blocked with cannon, ammunition, food, and troops.

Long before reaching the front, twenty-five miles from the battle, it had been obvious that we were approaching some great event. Whole villages were filled with soldiers, resting or waiting to be called into the line. There were great fields full of artillery, "parks," as they are called, and vast plains covered with wagons at close intervals. As for wheeled vehicles, whenever I see one now I think of the war. Soldiers frequently travel by motor-omnibuses of all kinds from their rest places to the threshold of the firing-line, but there are in Europe hundreds of thousands, I might say millions, of horse vehicles of all sizes and shapes. Both England and France have responded wonderfully to the call for transport.

In August, 1914, we at once requisitioned tradesmen's delivery vans. It was amusing at that time at the British Front to see motors belonging to well-known English, Scotch, and Irish breweries going on their way to the Front laden with soldiers or shells, and also to see pleasure motor charabancs with the names of Margate, Blackpool and Scarborough emblazoned thereon. These, however, have mostly been either superseded or painted the dull military grey and khaki which one associates with this grim, grim war.

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Waiting, and ominous, are vast arrays of ambulances, both horse and motor.

Then one comes across huge reserve stores of ammunition. It has been stated that up to the time at which I was there (April, 1916) the Germans had fired fifteen million of shells during the battles for Verdun.

A million is a very large number. People use the terms thousands, hundreds of thousands, and millions glibly and rather vaguely. Certain it is, however, that

the French, when I was with them, had millions of reserve shells. I counted certain sections containing a thousand shells, and could judge roughly how many times the amount of space occupied was represented by quantities of other shells of the same size which I saw. It was in this way easy to arrive at the fact that of great and little shells the French had many millions. Shells for the 75—or the British three-inch—gun take up comparatively little space when standing on end.

But it is not only ammunition and soldiers that are going along the road to the battle. There are the great supplies of bread and meat. The French, covering their Paris motor-omnibuses with perforated zinc, transformed them into meat wagons. Everything now goes to the battle on wheels.

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It is rarely that one hears bands in modern war. Once, on my way to the battle of Verdun, I came across something that looked like a war picture—a squadron of lancers with their pennants gaily streaming, preceded by a corps of buglers.

For the rest this war is a horrible, grim, mechanical business. Bravery, of course, still counts, and British and French bravery has done much to meet the superiority in big guns which the Germans undoubtedly had at the beginning.

Considerably away from the firing-line, five, eight, ten, or even twenty-five miles, are the headquarters of the various armies. War is not directed from the battlefield as of yore. The idea of Napoleon and Wellington eyeing each other through telescopes, which it is alleged they did, seems ridiculous to a modern soldier who has not seen the little field of Waterloo. The Ger-

man and French generals at the battle of Verdun were always at least twenty miles apart. The headquarters of a general might be the headquarters of a railway contractor, with its maps, plans, clerks, typewriters, and innumerable telephones. There is nearly always a wireless station outside, where the various *communiqués* can be read.

My experience of such headquarters, and I have been to a good many, is that there is apparently less excited discussion of the particular battle than you may witness at home between any two people talking of it in the club or railway train. There is no lack of information, because the staff at headquarters is linked up by long-distance and other telephones with the soldier in the field. There is generally distributed each day a little bulletin giving the soldier some idea of what is going on. Otherwise, existing as he does in a line that is hundreds of miles in length, he would have the vaguest notion of what is taking place. Indeed, it is the newspaper that has come from London or from Paris which is his chief source of information, for in those great centres all the news of the war is collected, explained by maps, and put forth in a way that makes it extremely easy for the soldier on the spot to understand. I followed the battle of Verdun from a large staff map, but also from maps cut from London newspapers, which I found to be wonderfully accurate.

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Once inside the final cordon of sentries, the civilian at the war attracts but very little attention. People do not know who he is and do not care, but they realise that he could not have got there without proper authority, and as everybody is very busy with his own part of the

great affair, the civilian sinks into the comparative insignificance which he should rightly occupy. My own personal feeling was one of regret that I was not able to do something to help in what was going on.

When I reached the battle of Verdun I was confused at first as to what was happening; but I had with me two most excellent young officers who explained the position. I was reluctant to use their services, and was relieved to find that while showing me what was taking place, which they did by signs, for the noise was sometimes too great to permit conversation except in yells, they were carrying out part of their appointed work of observation and were busily making notes.

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Does the civilian incur danger in war? It is, of course, the object of military authorities to see that he is kept as safe as possible, but in these days of snipers, stray bullets, shell fragments, and what not, he must share to some extent, however carefully guarded, the dangers of the day. I have had a number of narrow escapes in the war. Everybody has had. I did not like it. I do not believe that any one does. I cannot conceive that anybody likes to be in a village that is being shelled, or in an open space that is being shelled, or in a motor-car going along a road that is being shelled. I have noticed that the older and more experienced the soldier, the less he takes chances. There are chances even in looking through periscopes at a considerable distance from the enemy.

There are chances in sheltering behind the walls of shelled towns, for the freaks of shell fragments are extraordinary, as are the freaks of artillery bombardment. In some villages one will find the whole of both sides

of a street down, with the exception of, here and there, a cottage absolutely untouched. The effect on the earth of one of these terrific bombardments is to furrow it, plough it, and made deep holes in it, as though some upheaval of Nature had taken place. Occasionally one will find a whole area bombarded entirely out of recognition—buildings, trees, and trenches so smashed and destroyed as to give much the effect of the two scenes of earthquake I have witnessed in the course of my travels. Very often, owing to mis-information, the enemy has bombarded for two or three days points that have not been occupied at all. It is not true that every bullet has its billet, and that every shell does material damage. Men are so clever in concealing the whereabouts of themselves and their guns in the present kind of warfare that I do not suppose one shell in a hundred has any bearing upon a military result. A great many of the people who read these lines will have seen shells made, and one regrets the waste of human effort in this horrible, but, unfortunately, necessary business.

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When I first went into the war zones in the early days of the great conflict the soldiers were as strange to the war as civilians are now, but they have learned much. Above all, they have learned never to show themselves. They are infinitely more careful than is a civilian on his first visit. "We never go along such and such a route on a dry day," said an officer, "because the dust raised by the motor reveals our presence. . . . We never go along that road at night because the Germans believe we bring up supplies or reliefs by that route. . . . We long ago ceased wearing that kind of cap, because, when

wet, the sun glistens on it and it forms a kind of heliograph."

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Of the many devices to trick and deceive the enemy I will not speak. They have multiplied amazingly during the long, weary months since the beginning of the war. I believe the British Army, with the Canadians and Australians, is pre-eminent in inventing all kinds of surprises. I have elsewhere referred to the fact that German prisoners at Verdun spoke to me of their satisfaction at being away from Ypres, where the ferocious British are! Our soldiers are individual. They embark on little individual enterprises. The German, though a good soldier when advancing with numbers under strict discipline, is not so clever at these devices. He was never taught them before the war, and his whole training from childhood upwards has been to obey, and to obey in numbers. He has not played individual games. Football, which develops individuality, has only been introduced into Germany in comparatively recent times. His amusements have been gymnastic discipline to the word of command, and swimming and diving displays of like kind, at which the Germans are very wonderful. It is a grave reflection on the deeds of British or French soldiers to say that the Germans are not brave. They *are* brave, but in a way different from our kind of bravery. They do not take war in the British spirit, which they consider to be frivolous and too much akin to sport, or in the French spirit, which is that of the fierceness that comes to men who are defending their native land.

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Germans are naturally, so far as the Prussians and

Bavarians are concerned, extremely cruel. German non-commissioned officers when taken prisoners with their men treat their private soldiers with a bullying savagery that is astonishing, and officer prisoners decline absolutely to pay any attention to their men, even though they have been wounded. A French officer, who had been taken prisoner by the Germans, told me that though the Germans treated their lightly wounded men with extreme care, because they wished to get them back into the firing-line quickly, the very badly wounded cases were neglected until the last.

Indeed, the wounded man is not the hero in war that we make him at home. He is well looked after, but the chief object of an army is to get fit men where they can do most work, and to get them forward as rapidly as possible. Thus it is that the advance of new men to the battle from places where they are being rested, together with their supplies, takes precedence of everything on the road or railway. The object of both sides is to win, and while, as I say, every care is taken of the wounded, priority is given to the forwarding of fighting men.

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France is so well supplied with roads that often as not a certain road is reserved for traffic going to the battle, and another for that which is returning. I often wonder what would happen if war were to take place in England, with our small, narrow lanes and well kept but illogically arranged roadways. There would be beyond question an immense and dangerous congestion of traffic. The road, say, from London to Dover, one of the principal highways in England, is in one part extremely narrow and tortuous. I presume the authorities have

thought out all these things, but it is a fact, which any foreigner can detect by looking at our maps, that we are not well provided with strategic railways or strategic roads. In France they have also the great advantage of wonderful canals, not the ditches to which we give that appellation, but wide waterways carrying big barges, which, turned into hospitals, have been of the greatest use in the transport of cases requiring great care. These floating hospitals are quiet, cool, and well ventilated, and have been of great utility.

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As the war has progressed, and one must always bear in mind that each month has changed it, there has been a great development of air fighting. The first air fight I witnessed was a very vague affair, in which neither side seemed to do very much, but every pair of eyes for miles was watching it. To-day air fights are very common occurrences, and on the whole are most dramatic and interesting to watch, but they do not engage anything like the attention they originally did. The fighting aeroplane, with its handy machine-gun so arranged that it can assail the enemy from many angles, is developing every month. It used to be said that the air was the safest place in the war. That is no longer true. A great French general, who knew what he was talking about, told me that the air fighters were, he thought, the most courageous men of all. When I looked at the modern fighting aeroplane, described in the next chapter, with its 200 h.p. engine, and compared it with the planes of seven or eight years ago in which I made a few flights, I realised that war has developed the aeroplane at a speed that would not have been possible in peace-time. Yet even now human ingenuity has not been able to in-

vent an aeroplane that can hover or keep even relatively still in the air.

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The war zone is a world apart. After a few days' immersion therein one becomes so completely absorbed in the activities around that the outer world is entirely forgotten. There is practically no night or day in that curious land, and there is sometimes as much activity in the hours of darkness as in the hours of daylight. There are none of the long reliefs from fighting that were experienced so lately as the Napoleonic wars. There is no longer a going into winter quarters. The battle of Verdun was commenced in the freezing month of February. The strain of modern warfare is, therefore, so great that I am of the opinion that as much leave as possible should be given to the men, and more to officers—and especially to officers of the higher command. I know this is not the view of those who think that continued absences make for slack discipline. I have not observed or heard of any actual cases of weakness in discipline due to holiday. I have, however, met at the Front many men I knew in peace time who are showing sign of war fatigue, and a tired man is of no use in war or any other worldly affair.

Three years ago very few people had any idea of the nature of the coming warfare. Not one modern military writer gave warning of the intensity of the attention with which each army would watch the other at close range and with all kinds of new and unexpected weapons.

HOW IT FEELS IN A SUBMARINE, IN AN AEROPLANE, IN A TANK

HOW IT FEELS IN A SUBMARINE, IN AN AEROPLANE, IN A TANK

THE appearance of His Majesty's landships commonly known throughout the world as Tanks is fairly familiar, but I do not remember reading any account of a journey in one of them. I am among the privileged few who have enjoyed the entirely different sensations of Tanking, Submarining and Aeroplaning, and I propose to set down here my experiences of all three methods of movement.

The history of the Tank is the history of the adaptability and the reticence of the English People, displayed whenever such qualities are necessary to the attainment of any urgent purpose. Nobody invented the Tanks. They grew. The idea behind them is as old as the Roman *testudo* and battering-ram. They are a combination of both. I reveal no secret in describing the Tanks, for at least one of our fleet has fallen into German hands and the enemy have had ample opportunity to study this marvellous box of mechanism.

In the light-hearted way in which we Britons go to war, our soldiers name the Tanks with a frivolity which is intensely annoying to the thick-headed Prussian. One of my particular Tanks was called the "Crème de Menthe" . . . why neither I nor any one else knew. We entered the huge steel tortoise by a close-fitting door and sat within that which resembled in appearance and atmosphere the engine-room of a yacht. On our heads

we put leather-padded helmets such as are worn by airmen. They were necessary, for when these land-crabs get started, the men who steer them and the men who man the guns are buffetted about with a motion resembling that of a rowing boat in an Atlantic gale.

We started smoothly enough along a highroad. I looked round at my companions. The men who form the crews of the Tanks are young daredevils who, fully knowing that they will be a special mark for every kind of Prussian weapon, enter upon their task in a sporting spirit with the same cheery enthusiasm as they would show for football. They soon proved to me that they were absolute masters of their queer machine. They revelled in the fact that the Tanks had been designed, constructed, practised, and sent over from England to France as a complete surprise to the enemy. They chuckled as they told me how the word Tanks "had" deceived everybody.

For many months these monsters were in course of construction in an inland English town, and all that anybody knew about them was that they were "Tanks," presumably large vessels for conveying oil or water. So little curiosity was aroused that a high official of the English railway which carried them did not even take the trouble to look at them. He was told to provide transport for a number of "very large tanks," and he did so in the ordinary course of business, not realising that his road was carrying one of the only original devices evolved during this war.

The speed of the Crème de Menthe on the level was from four to five miles an hour. But the Tanks are developing rapidly in size, speed and pushing power. Even the first Tanks were able to walk through a wood as easily as a man walks through tall grass. On the level highway

the sensation of riding in them is about that of riding on a reaping machine. Suddenly the steersman turned off the road and drove down a deep shell-hole resembling a wash-out. I held on to the nearest piece of machinery which was not in movement: most of it was moving vigourously and most of it was hot.

The great beast crept cautiously down, seeming to pick its way as an elephant does. Tanks have eyes, narrow slits of glass half a foot thick and proof against anything except shell. Before I had time to peer out, we had passed over the bottom of the shell-hole and were slowly but surely grinding our way up at an angle of forty-five degrees.

My sensations at this moment were those of tremendous noise (noisy the Tanks are at all times) and of discomfort from gasoline fumes, and I was not a little apprehensive that the rough going, the see-sawing, the sudden dipping and rising, might detonate one of the many hundred small shells with which the Tank was lined. However, the smiling optimism and enthusiasm of the crew dispelled anxiety, even though they could not remove the discomfort.

Once on smooth ground again, the Tank seemed to shake itself as though to get rid of a burden, and to be anxious to proceed.

Tanks are propelled, as can be seen from photographs, by power applied to continuous bands known as "caterpillars," familiar in some parts of the United States in connexion with agricultural machinery. We drove forward and nosed our way through a fringe of young trees. We did not notice them. We had no knowledge for some while that we were pushing our way through that which would have barred the progress of either horse or man. Now and then some sapling would spring back

and lash the side of our Tank. But for this the inmates of the steel monster would have been unaware of any impediment.

Presently we stopped and the captain, after surveying our surroundings through one of the long narrow eyes, invited me to take a peep. I looked out and saw the familiar shell-wrecked land of battle.

"Can you see anything particular?" he asked me. I looked again and saw nothing to remark upon.

"Can't you see another Tank coming up?"

I could not see it until it was pointed out. The Tanks are so cunningly painted and so entirely resemble the land over which they travel, that they are invisible except to those accustomed to seek for them. After this we returned by the smoothest places possible to our starting-point, the door opened, and I stepped out of the dim light inside into the bright sunshine.

Tanks are provided with a certain amount of food, drinking water and surgical field dressings. As I have said, they are boxes of machinery, in which no single inch of space is wasted. They are manned by men as nimble as cats, having no sense of danger. They have proved the best means of ferreting out and destroying German machine-gun nests. Single Tanks have fought small battles of their own against whole companies of the enemy. They are a real and justifiable means of waging war: they wage it only against soldiers, not against civilians; and the German soldiers find them terrible enemies. A prisoner taken a few weeks ago in Flanders said:—"We had been told by our newspapers to laugh at the tank, but we very soon found they were no laughing matter."

The men who journey in them take their lives in their hands every time they go out. The British Army is justly

proud of the daring and success of those who are engaged in this newest form of crushing Militarism.

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Quite a different experience from that of crawling along the ground in a land-ship is a rush upward towards the sky in a fast war-plane. Air-travel is no novelty to me. It is many years since I made my first flight. I confess I have never found any frantic thrill in flying. I do not pretend to have indulged in sensational "banking" (that is turning sharply so that the machine leans over in an alarming way) or in spirals, nose-end dives, and other aerial gymnastics. I can imagine that a sudden intentional drop of five thousand feet such as many of our young airmen are accustomed to take must be somewhat of a strain on the nerves. But I have never allowed any of my young pilot friends to go in for what they call "parlour-tricks" when I have been a passenger with them.

There are only two moments of excitement in ordinary air-travel. One of these is when you first learn, by being told, that the machine has actually left the ground. The second is when you rapidly approach the earth in your descent. The ground seems to be shooting up towards you. It appears to be impossible that the pilot can avoid bringing his machine to rest without a smash. You brace yourself for the shock. You wonder whether your will makes your last wishes quite clear. . . . Then you find yourself in a twinkling skimming along on an even keel parallel with the ground below. The pilot smiles. He knows what a passenger's sensations are the first time an air voyage is undertaken. He dips again, skims again, once more puts the machine's nose down. It lightly touches the soil, hops once or twice, then runs gently for a few yards and comes to a stop.

That is how one feels at first. After a journey or two

in the air these sensations wear off. Unfortunately the other sensations which are not exciting or thrilling, but merely uncomfortable, persist, however often one may fly. It is almost always cold in an aeroplane. It is always noisy. If you want to speak to the pilot, you must bend your lips to his ear and bellow. Although the field of vision is vast, twenty miles each way even when the height attained is no more than moderate, it is not possible to see anything very clearly. I recollect seeing Chartres Cathedral once when I was in the air not far from Versailles, but as a rule objects are hard to distinguish unless one is a trained observer. The speed at which one flies has a confusing effect. Strangely enough, the sensation of vertigo is scarcely felt by any who make ascents by aeroplane. I am so subject to giddiness that I do not like looking down from a high building. But I have never felt giddy in the air.

Flying in a battle-plane is not essentially different from flying in a machine not built specially for war-work. The battle-plane, if it be of the latest type, goes up more vertically than any of the pre-war touring machines could. It needs scarcely any run on the ground. It shoots into the air with a marvellous energy and precision. It has more room in the body of it than a touring aeroplane needed. The number of instruments carried is larger. There is perhaps a photographic camera for taking pictures of enemy trench systems, there may be hooks for bombs. There is probably a gun mounted in the forward part for attack and defence. As we fly over trenches, we can see very distinctly the dark patterns of the first line, second line, third line against the lighter colour of the soil. Then we distinguish the communication trenches. Perhaps there may be tiny dots moving

through them. If this were enemy territory, now would be the moment to loose a few of our bombs.

But we are over our own men here. They look up and see that the under-sides of our wings are painted with red, white and blue rings. They know there is nothing to fear. The aeroplane is the only engine of war which does not practice what the French call *camouflage,* that is to say, deception. I have sometimes been asked why, in order to deceive the Allied troops, the Germans do not paint red, white and blue rings on their machines instead of the black iron cross which is their distinguishing mark. The reason is obvious, if you think for an instant. They would deceive their own side. The aeroplanes which so disguised themselves would be shot at by the German anti-aircraft guns. There could be no possibility of letting their gunners know that they were disguised.

The pilot who is driving me now is one of our crack fliers. He has many German machines to his credit. He thinks no risk too great to be taken if there is a good chance of "bagging a Hun." He has come back often with his wings shot through over and over again. He has been wounded, he has had his machine disabled under him and been obliged to make "a rough landing." But nothing disturbs him. He pays no more heed to the little white balls of smoke which denote shrapnel bursting under or round about him than we should pay to a shower of rain. They are wonderful young men, these airmen. They have done infinitely valuable work in scouting, in directing artillery fire, in harassing the enemy by dropping bombs upon his camps, stores, railways, and base establishments generally. It is soldiers they are out for, not civilians. They have proved themselves a most magnificent force. The Fifth Arm is now indispensable in warfare. It has enabled gunnery to become far more ac-

curate and deadly than ever before. No one can talk of degeneration while so dangerous a service finds a perpetual stream of young men anxious to enter it. None have deserved better of their country than the Royal Flying Corps.

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Pleasantest of the three sensations which I am describing in this chapter is undoubtedly that of a trip in a Submarine. My first submarine experience was a very brief one many years ago in a small under-water boat, propelled entirely by electricity, which lay in the Seine near Paris. We paid 250 francs ($50) each, I remember, for one dive. Beyond that I do not recollect anything particular about it, except my apprehension that the machine would not rise to the surface again. My first real submarine experience occurred just before the war. A small party received the permission rarely accorded to make a short voyage in one of our British boats.

The world hears little in these days of British submarines or submarine officers for the simple reason that there are no targets for them to shoot at. The German Fleet lies snugly esconced in the Kiel Canal. The German mercantile marine is interned at Bremen, Hamburg, Wilhelmshaven, Altona. Our submarines are therefore reduced to doing police work, watching for any German war-vessel that may emerge; capturing and bringing into port, or sinking after due notice has been given, any enemy trading ship which may attempt to run the blockade. Warning is always given. No civilian death has been caused by a British submarine.

I looked forward with pleasurable anticipation to my under-water excursion, and my hopes were realised to the fullest extent. The entrance to submarines of the type in which I journeyed is down a long vertical man-

hole, the top of which is hermetically sealed as soon as the last person is on board. (Other methods of entering our newest submarines I will not describe.) There is felt, when the lid is put on, just that momentary nervous trepidation which precedes taking a header from a high diving plank. There is the same apprehension of being shut in as a child feels when the door of a cupboard is closed upon it. I can imagine there are some people who might suffer in a submarine from claustrophobia.

We had no time, however, to indulge in nervous apprehensions. The lid being on, the boat was at once in motion, and we speeded along on the surface of a roughish sea at a pace which I had not thought possible for this kind of craft. A mile or so out the order was given to submerge. There was heard a mighty rushing of water into the tanks by which the submersion is effected. We went down with a rapidity which was a complete surprise to me, and in a few moments we were in the eternal silence of the under-sea.

Travelling above, or "awash," as sailors call it, the submarine was propelled by its oil engines. Under the surface it is run by its electric batteries whose smooth, sweet rhythm makes progress pleasant. There was nothing to counteract this pleasant impression. All preconceived notions of a suffocating atmosphere vanished at once. We looked about us in complete comfort. What we saw was a very complex series of machines, with the familiar internal combustion engine of the ordinary motor boat. The quarters of the officers and crew are Spartan in their simplicity, but they neither suffer discomfort, nor have they any apparent cause for anxiety. I should imagine that in peace-time, when there is no risk of being harried by destroyers and chasers or of hitting a mine, submarine travelling will become popular.

Certainly, on the roughish day on which I made my journey, we below the surface knew nothing of the waves, and it was only when we fastened our eyes to the periscope and saw what was going on above that we realised we were progressing at a very considerable speed.

The periscope is in effect a *camera obscura,* with a field of vision like that of the apparatus which soldiers use in the trenches for seeing over the parapet without being seen. There is always some eye in the submarine taking note of what is passing on the surface. They were rather a serious lot, the crew. There was none of the cheery humour of my young friends in the Tanks. But then this was peace-time. It is war which brings out the humour of the Briton. These officers and blue-jackets were just doing their duty in the ordinary way, nothing exciting about it, steering the vessel, watching the pressure gauges, seeing to it that every one of the minute pieces of machinery was performing its function. They took their under-water trip as a matter of course, an every-day experience. Nobody wore a worried look. Everybody was at home in their cramped quarters. The two outstanding features that struck me were, first, the perfect human discipline, and, secondly, the silver-plate-like appearance of the machinery.

I can well believe that after one or two under-water voyages the sense of novelty would entirely wear off. One supposes that it must be an eerie sensation to travel beneath the surface of the sea, but this is imaginary rather than actual. I doubt whether a person put on board a submersible ship in a state of trance and awakened when the vessel had dived, would know whether it was under water or not. During our considerable excursion we felt no lack of air, no discomfort in breath-

ing at all. There are, of course, means of supplying oxygen, if it should be needed. I was told that after twelve hours or so the air begins to become exhausted and those on board are affected by drowsiness. I felt nothing of any such sensation. We all had the satisfactory feeling that, while people in boats on the surface were being made uncomfortable by the rough sea, we below were travelling perfectly at our ease, seeing all we wanted to see and being ourselves unseen.

At the end of the trip all were sorry when the signal was given to eject the water from our tanks, so that the boat should rise. In almost less time than it takes to write these words, we were on the top again, being rocked about like an ordinary boat. Most of us agreed we would much sooner travel under water. Submarining is, indeed, altogether delightful. My first experience left as vivid a mark on my memory as that of the first drive I ever took in a powerful automobile.

THE ARMY BEHIND THE ARMY

THE ARMY BEHIND THE ARMY

EFFICIENCY AND YOUTH

Somewhere in France.

TAKE this powerful pair of field-glasses in your hand. They were captured yesterday in a German dug-out and bear the famous mark of Zeiss, of Jena. Adjust them carefully and look well over to where dark clouds of shells are bursting so rapidly that they form what looks like a dense mass of London fog, with continuous brief and vivid flashes of explosions. That is Pozières. That is how Fricourt looked and how Longueval is looking on the day this is penned. From behind where we are ensconced in an old German trench there come night and day the bang and the far-travelling scream of British shells. It does not seem possible that any one can emerge alive from those bombarded villages.

From north to south is an irregular chain of watchful observation balloons. High and glittering in the sunshine are planes, directed as often as not by boys who in happier times would be in the boats or the playing fields. Their heroism during the Somme battles has never been equalled, except in this war.

The battles of the Somme are not, of course, so easily witnessed as those which can be seen from the heights around Verdun, but they are a great deal more visible and understandable than the depressing artillery duels in the plains and swamps of Flanders. Neither photo-

graphs nor maps give much real impression of the great panorama, which is, indeed, only possible for an onlooker to understand when accompanied by one who has witnessed the steady conquest of the German trenches from the beginning of the movement made on July 1 (1916). What is easy to realise, and so cheering to our soldiers, is that we give the Germans full measure and more in the matter of guns and shells. A couple of hours in any place where the battles can be properly observed is enough for the nerves of the average civilian, for to see battles properly one must be well in reach of the enemy, and so when we have had our fill we make our way along a communication trench to where a small and unobtrusive motor has been hidden.

Presently we come to the roads where we see one of the triumphs of the war, the transport which brings the ammunition for the guns and the food for the men, a transport which has had to meet all kinds of unexpected difficulties. The last is water, for our troops are approaching a part of France which is as chalky and dry as our South Downs.

Communication being as urgent as transport, the Royal Engineers have seen to it that the large area of Northern and North-West France in which our Armies are operating has been linked up by a telephonic system unique. It is no mere collection of temporary wires strung from tree to tree. The poles and wires are in every way as good as those of the Post Office at home. The installation might indeed be thought to be extravagant, but cheap telephoning is notoriously bad telephoning. A breakdown of communications which might be caused by the fierce wind and electric storms which have happened so frequently in the war would spell a great inconvenience or even worse. An indistinct telephone is

useless. And so, marching with the Army, and linking up a thousand essential points, is a telephone service that cannot be bettered. To-day it would be quite possible for the Commander-in-Chief, if he so desired, to call up London from beyond Fricourt, for our wires are already in places where we saw them burying the blackened corpses of dead Germans, and where the sound of great guns makes it sometimes necessary to shout in order to make ourselves heard in a conversation.

Every officer or head of department of importance in the British zone has a telephone at his hand, so that he may give and receive orders, not absolutely secret, by the quickest and most popular means of communication. Where necessary, the English telephones are linked up with the trunk lines of the French Government, for which purposes interpreters are placed in the exchanges. The speed of communication is remarkable. It varies, of course, with the amount of business, but I have seen a man call up Paris, London, and the seaport bases in France all within an hour. Supplementing the telephonic system is a telegraphic link, and there is also the wireless. The Army Signal Corps is to be congratulated on a fine achievement. Over and above these there are the motor despatch riders, some of whose experiences during the war have been as thrilling as those of our air boys. The noisy nuisance of our peace-time roads at home has been a prime factor in the prompt waging of war. Motor-cycles and portable telephones appear in the most out-of-the-way spots. Far beyond Fricourt I met these cyclists making their way in and out and around the shell holes.

A few days later, when visiting one of the workshops at the base, I saw the wrecks of similar machines twisted and smashed out of all recognition by shrapnel, each

speaking of an adventure, and perhaps a tragedy. The fact that these derelicts were being examined for possible repair is a portent of the rigid economy with which, on the French side of the Channel at any rate, and perhaps on both, the war is now being conducted.

I am not, of course, permitted to give names of places, or numbers, or the names of the heads of departments, but I shall be allowed to state that the always growing immensity of the Armies, and the workshops behind the Army, is little understood at home, or even by those who have made frequent visits to the war zone.

What is required, it seems to me, to bring home to the people of the Empire, who are so lavishly outpouring their blood and treasure, and also to the Allies and neutrals, is a continuous demonstration by skilled writers, artists, lecturers, kinematograph operators, and photographers. Now that we have real war news from the able scribes who are allowed to tell us freely and frankly what is happening, readers with imagination are awakening to the truth that we have a whole South African campaign and a complete Crimea every month. But of the war behind the war, the battles behind the battles, employing skilled workers considerably exceeding the number of the total original British Expeditionary Force, we have but faint glimmerings. You can understand the need of this vast establishment if you realise that every part of an instrument of war has to be accompanied to France by its own attendants, its own supplies, and its own transport.

The newest plane flies upwards and away with the speed and grace of a dragon-fly. She has been made perfect and beautiful for her flight by skilled expert mechanics. When she returns after, let us hope, her conquest, the boys who have escorted her in the air (one

of these I met was at school last year) hand her over again to those attendants to see if she has any rent in her gown or other mishap which may be speedily mended. When, therefore, you see an aeroplane you must realise that each machine has its staff. Speed and efficiency being prime essentials of victory, her caretakers must be skilled and *young*. As for her supplies there must be at hand a great quantity of spare parts ready to be applied instantaneously, and there must be men, in case of need, who can either alter or even make such parts. There must be those who understand her camera and its repair, her wireless and its working, men who have already learnt the mysteries of the newest bombs, rockets, and machine-guns. I take the aeroplane as an instance because of its prominence in the public eye.

What applies to an aeroplane applies in other degrees to every kind of gun, to every form of motor or horse transport, ambulances, field kitchens, filters, and to a thousand articles which at first sight do not necessarily seem to be part of war-making.

The Army behind the Army is full of originality. It has already improved, on the spot, much machinery which we had thought to have attained perfection. This is a war of machinery as well as of bravery, and among Germany's many blunders was her forgetfulness of the British power of quick improvisation and organisation in unexpected circumstances, which is a secret of our success in building up the Empire in strange lands.

The Army behind the Army is being squeezed for men for the front. In some places it can legitimately bear more squeezing, and it is getting it. On the other hand, owing to their own burning desire or to the pressure of the authorities men who, in the end, would have killed

more Germans by the use of their own particular skill in the workshop have left the anvil, the tools, the lathe, or the foundry for the firing line.

Our L. of C. in France (Lines of Communication) has developed to what must be one of the largest organisations in the world. It represents 6 per cent. of the whole of our forces in France. It has to deal with more spheres of human industry than I should be allowed to mention. Its *personnel,* let me repeat, is being revised continually by medical examinations that eliminate fit men for the trenches. The task is a delicate one. An organisation absolutely essential to victory has at length, and after infinite labour, by promotion of the skilled and rejection of the incompetent, been set on its feet. We must make changes with caution.

At various times I have observed personally the great organisations of the Clyde, the Tyne, of Belfast, of Woolwich, Chicago, in and about Paris, at St. Etienne, at the Creusot works, in Hamburg, in Essen, and at Hoechst on the Rhine, and I say without hesitation that, making allowances for war time, our lines of communication organisation, superimposed as it is upon the overworked French railways and roads and in a country where there is no native labour to be had, is as near perfection as ever it can be.

And I say more that, difficult as economy and war are to mate, I have on the occasion of this visit and in contrast to the days of 1914 seen nothing wasted. In the early months of the war there was waste at home and abroad arising from lack of control of our national habit of spending money with both hands. I remember a certain French village I visited where every tiny mite was filling its mouth with English bread and jam. To-day there is enough food and a greater variety of food

than ever before, but there is no waste that is visible even to an inquisitive critic.

Coming to the front, not only in the high commands and among regimental officers but along the L. of C., is a pleasing proportion of Scotch folk who, while generous in the giving of ambulances, are not accustomed to waste anything in war or at any other time. To-day, almost before the reek and fume of battle are over, almost before our own and the enemy dead are all buried, the Salvage Corps appears on the bloody and shell-churned scene to collect and pile unused cartridge and machine-gun belts, unexploded bombs, old shell cases, damaged rifles, haversacks, steel helmets, and even old rags, which go to the base, and are sold at £50 a ton. It is only old bottles, which with old newspapers, letters, meat tins, and broken boxes are a feature of the battle-fields, that do not appear to be worthy of salvage.

Regarding the utilisation of waste products there is as much ingenuity and industry along the Lines of Communication as would satisfy the directorate of the most highly over-organised German *fabrik*. At more than one place I saw over 1,000 French and Belgian girls cleansing and repairing clothing that had come back from the front. They work and talk and sing with alacrity, and I witnessed the process of the patching and reconstructing of what looked like an impossible waterproof coat, all in the course of a few moments. Such labour saves the British nation hundreds of thousands of pounds, and is considered well rewarded at a wage of half-a-crown a day.

Elsewhere I saw men using the most modern Northampton machinery for soling and heeling any pair of old boots that would stand the operation, and such footgear as was useless was not wasted, for by an ingenious con-

trivance invented on the spot by a young Dublin bootmaker the upper parts of these boots were being converted into bootlaces by the thousand.

In the Army machine shops the waste grease is saved and the oil which escapes from every such establishment is ingeniously trapped and sold to local soapmakers at the equivalent of its present very high value.

Since the early days of chaos and muddle we have conveyed across the seas machine shops and mechanics which must exceed by twice or thrice the total of those in a humming town like Coventry. Such factories have had to be manned, and manned with labour able to meet the sudden emergencies of war. The labour has all had to come from home. Clerks, engineers, fitters, mechanics, quickly settled down to the monotonous regularity of military life and the communal existence of the barracks, huts, and tents in which they live. True it is that every consideration possible has been shown for their happiness, comfort, and amusement. They have their own excellent canteens, reading rooms, and places of entertainment. They are not forgotten by the Y.M.C.A. or by the Salvation Army and Church Army, whose work cannot be too highly spoken of. They are individually looked after by their own heads of departments with solicitude and kindness. The gramophone, the joy of the dug-outs, the hospitals, and the billets, is a never-ending source of entertainment.

The workers are by no means unable to amuse themselves. They are well provided with kinematographs and frequent boxing tournaments. Gardening, too, is one of their hobbies, and from the casualty clearing stations at the front to the workers' huts at the bases are to be counted thousands of English-made gardens. The French, who know as little of us as we do of them, were

not a little surprised to find that wherever he sojourns the British workman insists on making himself a garden. At a great veterinary hospital at one of the bases the men living a considerable distance from a town and away from other pastimes have planted for themselves gardens that would be a credit to any prosperous London suburb in peace time.

The energy, enterprise, and spirit of the base commandants and hundreds of other officers along the lines of communications, their tact in their relations with our French friends, and their capacity for overcoming obstacles have response in the enthusiasm of their workers.

Huge bakeries, the gigantic storehouses (one is the largest in the world), factories and repair shops are filled with workers who are a visible contradiction of the allegations as to the alleged slackness of the British workman. The jealousy that exists in peace time between most Army and civilian establishments does not seem to be known. Great soldiers introduced me with pride to young men who had no idea two years ago that they would enter upon a quasi-military life but have adapted themselves with wonderful facility to entirely changed conditions. Many have brought with them invaluable knowledge gained in the management of great businesses at home and elsewhere.

It is true, of course, that the workmen in our great French factories understand the war better than their brothers at home. They are nearer to the war. They live in the country invaded by the Hun. They see their French fellow-workmen keyed up to the highest pitch in the intense desire to rid fair France of her despoiler. Daily they see reinforcements going to the front and the wounded returning home. There is a war atmosphere even in towns like Havre and Rouen. The war is al-

ways present. One day I saw a great number of captured German cannons and other booty of which we hear and see so little at home coming down from the front.

The authorities in England seem to hide our German prisoners. In France they work, and in public, and are content with their lot, as I know by personal enquiry of many of them. Save for the letters "P.G." (prisonnier de guerre) at the back of their coats it would be difficult to realise that comfortable-looking, middle-aged Landsturm Hans, with his long pipe, and young Fritz, with his cigarette, were prisoners at all. If it be true that there is congestion in the docks at home caused by lack of labour, the sooner German prisoners are put to work and help to shorten the war the better.

The war atmosphere and the patriotic keenness of the skilled mechanics and labour battalions in France have enabled the Commander-in-Chief, Sir Douglas Haig, who has personally visited the bases in hurried journeys from the front, to accomplish what in peace time would be the impossible. Transport alone is a miracle. The railways are so encumbered that it is frequent to see trains nearly a kilometre (five-eighths of a mile) in length. As one travels about in search of information mile-long convoys of motor lorries laden with shells or food loom quickly towards one from out of the dense dust, and it is by this combination of rail and road that the almost impossible task has been achieved of keeping pace with the German strategic railways, which were built for the sole purpose of the quick expedition of men and supplies.

I do not know how many types of motor vehicles are being used in France, but I counted more than two score. Each of these requires its own spare parts in order that

repairs can be speedily effected, and it must always be borne in mind that delay in war time is fatal. There are in use no fewer than 50,000 different kinds of spare parts, including nuts, bolts, rivets, and screws. By proper co-operation between the various manufacturers these could be reduced to a minimum.

In order to help economy all spare parts are supplied when possible from the salvage of machines of the same type. All this *débris* has to be carefully collected, repaired and arranged in depôts in such a manner that missing parts can be found instantly. The Germans use, comparatively, few types of motor vehicles and have, therefore, an advantage over us.

As one of the pioneers of automobilisation I should like to offer my tribute to all sections of the motor transport department in France, and especially to the economic manner in which waste has been eliminated.

Scattered among the Army behind the Army are schools where war is taught by officers who have studied the art at the front. Here in vast camps the spectator might easily imagine that he was at the front itself. Here the pupils fresh from England or from the United States are drilled in every form of fighting.

There is something uncanny in the approach of a company to a communication trench, in its vanishing under the earth, and its reappearance some hundreds of yards away, where clambering "over the top," to use the most poignant expression of the war, the soldier pupils dash forward in a vociferous bayonet charge. At these great reinforcement camps are gas mask attacks, where pupils are passed through underground chambers, filled with real gas, that they may become familiarized with one of the worst curses of warfare. The gas itself is a subtle and at first not a very fearsome enemy, but

the victim is apt to be overcome before he is aware of it.

And at these miniature battlefields, all of them larger than the field of Waterloo, are demonstration lecturers who teach bombing, first with toy bombs that explode harmlessly with a slight puff, and then with the real Mills bombs which have a noisy and destructive effect altogether disproportionate to their size and innocent appearance. The various types of machine-guns are fired at ingenious targets all the day long. There are actual dug-outs in which pupils are interned with entrances closed while gas is profusely projected around them so that they may learn how to deal with the new weapon by spraying it and flapping it away when the entrance is uncovered at a given signal. Crater fighting is taught with an actual reproduction of a crater, by a lusty sergeant who has seen much of the actual thing, and tells the men what to do with their bombs and with Germans. Such schools are known to exist throughout Germany, but no Prussian thoroughness can better these British war-training schools in France. For those who are not so quick in intelligence as others there is a revival of the old awkward squad who are taught slowly and patiently with remarkable results.

In the centre of one of these schools there arrived, while I was on the scene, a great number of German prisoners on their way to the Base. I do not know how many young soldiers just landed from England were being trained that day. Certainly many, many thousands, and I do not wonder that the prisoners were amazed at the spectacle before them. One of them frankly confessed in excellent English that his comrades were under the impression that we had no men left.

The food supplied to these German prisoners here, as everywhere, was excellent and they did not hesitate to

say so. Temporary baths and other washing arrangements were fitted up for them, they had an abundance of tobacco, and were just as comfortably off in their tents as our soldiers not actually in barracks. Their condition on arrival here, as elsewhere, was appalling. Imprisoned in their trenches by our barrage of fire, they had been deprived of many of the necessities of life for days, and on their arrival ate ravenously. Most of them were Prussian Guards and Bavarians, and the number who had the Iron Cross ribbon in their button-holes was eloquent testimony to the type of enemy troops our New Armies have been fighting.

If there be loss of time and energy in the Army behind the Army it may be found in one of two of the clerical establishments, which might be carefully modernised. In some of these departments it is said that men of military age are still engaged. If this be so, there is still a certain supply of superfluous middle-aged clerical labour at home that might be gradually introduced.

There is beyond question a growing demand for the filling up of more and more forms in connexion with the Army. It is a disease which should be checked now before it becomes a hindrance to efficient working. In some of the clerical departments the use of modern files and indexes does not seem to be general, but this does not apply to all departments, for I saw many that were quite up-to-date.

In one great branch is kept a complete record of every British soldier, from the hour of his arrival in France to his departure, or death. Think of the countless essential letters, and forms that must necessarily be filled up, to achieve that end efficiently and with accuracy.

Another department, which exists for the satisfaction of relatives, and possible decisions in the Court of Pro-

bate, keeps an exact record of the time of death and place of burial of every officer and private soldier in France, whether he comes from the British Islands or the Dominions. Such establishments necessarily demand the use of much clerical labour.

It should be remembered always, in regard to such a department as that which follows the course of every soldier in France, that Tommy is a difficult person to deal with. It is more than possible that there is a considerable number of men who have been reported as missing or dead who are not missing or dead at all. One case was discovered whilst I was at a certain office. It was that of a soldier who had been reported missing for more than a year but who was found in comfortable surroundings doing duty as an Army cook in a totally different part of the field from that in which he disappeared.

There are countless departments of which the public knows nothing. I have only space and time to deal with one more. It is that which watches over the recovery of the effects of dead men and officers. There are separate departments for each, but I only saw that affecting the men.

The work begins on the battlefield and in the hospitals, where I saw the dead bodies being reverently searched. A list is carefully made there and then, and that list accompanies the little familiar belongings which are a part of every man's life to one of the great bases on the lines of communication. The bag is there opened by two clerks, who check it once more, securely fastening it, and sending it home, where it eventually reaches the next-of-kin. I watched the opening of one such pathetic parcel during the final checking. It contained a few pence, a pipe, a photo of wife and bairn, a trench ring made of

the aluminum of an enemy fuze, a small diary, and a pouch. It was all the man had.

They told me that nearly every soldier carries a souvenir. In one haversack was found a huge piece of German shell which had probably been carried for months. The relatives at home set great store on these treasures, and though the proper officials to address are those at the War Office, London, the people in France are often in receipt of indignant letters from relatives asking why this or that trifle has not been returned.

One of them which arrived that day said, "I gave my son to the war, you have had him, you might at least return all his property intact. Where are the pair of gloves and zinc ointment he had with him?"

The work of collecting these last mementos of the dead is carried out with promptness, care, and very kindly feeling, despite the monotony of the task, which begins in the morning and goes on to the evening, a task which is increasing daily with the size of the war.

THE WOMEN ARE SPLENDID

THE WOMEN ARE SPLENDID[1]

WOMAN'S part in the war; not the tender nursing part —that was expected by all—but the great share she is taking in what was once man's work is one of the great surprises.

There is just a note of wounded vanity in the confessions of thousands of men who have to admit to-day that, unknown to themselves, they have been performing tasks which are now proved to have been women's work. Across the Channel, in France, women have always successfully managed large businesses. There is a large number of cases in point: Mme. Pommery, whose champagne sparkles around the world; Mme. Duval, who organized the popular restaurants that were the forerunners of so many in London; Mme. Paquin, who succeeded her husband in the great modiste business; Mme. Curie, who discovered radium. Women play a prominent part in French politics, French business, French science, French agriculture, and in French affairs generally.

Throughout the English-speaking world we have always prided ourselves on sheltering our womenkind. We have not, for example, cared to see them working in the fields and at the heavier forms of manual labour. There has been a great deal of self-deception about it, because, after all, women have performed heavy tasks in factories for a century or more. And we must not

[1] This article was among the first to call attention to the great part played by women in the effective waging of war.

forget our old friends, the chainmakers of Cradley Heath.

Again, from the days of Florence Nightingale the noble work of nursing our sick and carrying on the service of our hospitals has been to an increasing extent in the hands of women. In no field have they displayed a higher competence, a more sublime devotion; and few indeed are they who have not at some time or other in their lives incurred a tremendous debt to the British hospital nurse. Again, here and there before the war, gifted women, such as Elizabeth Fry and Octavia Hill, showed the way in social reform among us, and lately women have shone in journalism and in municipal work.

Yet, despite these very striking exceptions, the war has already proved that woman had not hitherto been given her opportunity in most parts of the Empire. For some years her cause was obscured by the hysteria of the Suffragettes. To-day it begins to look as though the votes-for-women demonstrations were but manifestations of her tremendous pent-up energy.

Women have taken to every kind of war work with a rapidity and adaptability that have certainly not been shown by all the ruling sex. It has been openly admitted that in many munition factories women, in their eagerness to defeat the enemy, are producing a greater output of energy each day than men working in the same shops.

Women have successfully initiated themselves into new kinds of war work which had hitherto been regarded as coming only within man's sphere. Sometimes, however, woman, in the excess of her zeal, is doing work she ought not to be permitted to do in the interest of the race and the nation. Delicately-bred women should not be allowed to push tradesmen's heavy

tricycles or undertake the duties of grooms and ostlers. But there are still wide fields of opportunity for them in most of the indoor and many of the outdoor occupations.

These vocations will remain open in those dim and distant days, known as "After the war," when no self-respecting male will again be seen matching ribbons behind counters, typewriting, standing behind aldermanic chairs, or playing the piano at kinema theatres. The men who have been bomb-throwing will have no appetite for the hundred-and-one gentle and essentially feminine pursuits by which they have hitherto earned their living.

Every woman who is releasing a man from his work is helping in the war. And—to do them justice—women, with their characteristic intuition, saw that fact instantly. Every woman so engaged is showing the world the real capacity of her sex for many kinds of labour, and is also helping the country to progress towards a much-desired goal: the more equal distribution of money among the people.

Before the war, in dreary, manless suburbs and provincial towns, thousands of nice girls, whose families thought it beneath their dignity that they should work, preferred the boresome existence of keeping up appearances on small dress allowances to an active participation in daily life. Since the war these young women have entered into the battle of industrial work with joyousness and, though the absence of the best of the land in the war zone is unhappily delaying the marriage to which every patriotic woman looks forward, they have the great satisfaction of knowing that, whether they be women doctors, women dentists, women clerks, women ticket collectors, or engaged in any other professions, they are helping the great cause of Freedom.

BEFORE VERDUN

BEFORE VERDUN[1]

THE TRIUMPH OF FRANCE

Before Verdun, March 4, 1916.

WHAT is the secret motive underlying the German attempt to break the French line at Verdun, in which the Crown Prince's Army is incurring such appalling losses? Is it financial, in view of the coming war loan? Is it dynastic. Or is it intended to influence doubting neutrals? From the evidence of German deserters it is known that the attack was originally intended to take place a month or two hence, when the ground was dry. Premature spring caused the Germans to accelerate their plans. There were two final delays owing to bad weather, and then came the colossal onslaught of February 21.

The Germans made a good many of the mistakes we made at Gallipoli. They announced that something large was pending by closing the Swiss frontier. The French, who were not ready, were also warned by their own astute Intelligence Department. Their *avions* were not idle, and, if confirmation were needed, it was given by deserters, who, surmising the horrors that were to come, crept out of the trenches at night, lay down by the edge of the Meuse till the morning, and then gave themselves up, together with information that has since

[1] This telegram (and the others) was, necessarily, written in great haste and with the military censorship in view. It appeared in whole

proved to be accurate. Things went wrong with the Germans in other ways. A Zeppelin that was to have blown up important railway junctions on the French line of communications was brought down at Révigny, and incidentally the inhabitants of what remains of that much-bombarded town were avenged by the spectacle of the blazing dirigible crashing to the ground and the hoisting with their own petard of 30 Huns therein. It is not necessary to recapitulate that the gigantic effort of February 21 was frustrated by the coolness and tenacity of the French soldiers and the deadly curtain fire of the French gunners.

Though a great deal of calculated nonsense has been sent out in official *communiqués* and dilated upon by dithyrambic Berlin newspaper correspondents as to the taken by storm of the long-dismantled Fort at Douaumont, nothing whatever has been admitted by the Germans as to the appalling price in blood they have paid since February 21 and are still paying. The French losses are, and have been, insignificant. I know the official figure. It has been verified by conversations with members of the British, French, and American Red Cross Societies, who are obviously in a position to know. The wounded who pass through their hands have, in many cases, come straight from where they have seen dead Germans, as has been described by scores of witnesses, lying as lay the Prussian Guard in the first Battle of Ypres. The evidence of one army as to another army's losses needs careful corroboration. This exists amply in the evidence of many German prisoners interrogated singly and independently at the French Headquarters.

and in part in more than three thousand newspapers in many languages, at a moment when there was grave anxiety as to the fate of Verdun.

The case of one man, belonging to the 3rd Battalion of the 12th Regiment in the 5th Division of the 3rd Army Corps may be taken as characteristic. On the morning of February 28 this prisoner reached the Fort of Douaumont and found there one battalion of the 24th Regiment, elements of the 64th Regiment and of the 3rd Battalion of Jäger. The strength of his company had been, on February 21, 200 rifles with four officers. On February 22 it had fallen to 70 rifles, with one officer. The other companies had suffered similar losses. On February 23 the prisoner's company was reinforced by 45 men, bearing the numbers of the 12th, the 52nd, the 35th, and the 205th Regiments. These men had been drawn from various depôts in the interior. The men of the 12th Regiment believed that five regiments were in reserve in the woods behind the 3rd Corps, but, as time went on and losses increased without any sign of the actual presence of these reserves, doubt spread whether they were really in existence. The prisoner declared that his comrades were no longer capable of fresh effort.

None of the prisoners questioned estimated the losses suffered by their companies at less than one-third of the total effectives. Taking into account all available indications, it may safely be assumed that, during the fighting of the last 13 days, the Germans have lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners at least 100,000 men.

The profits—as the soldier speaks of such matters—being so small, what then are the overwhelming motives that impel the attack on Verdun, and the chicanery of the German *communiqués?* Is it for any of the reasons I have given above, or is it an effect of economic pressure which leads to the miscalculation that the possible taking over of the French line at Verdun is a means of

ending the war? The Germans are so wont to misread the minds of other nations that they are quite foolish enough to make themselves believe this or any other foolish thing. It cannot be pretended that the attack has in it anything of military necessity. It was urged forward at a time of year when weather conditions might prove, as they have proved, a serious handicap in such matters as the moving of big guns and the essential observation by aeroplanes.

The district of Verdun lies in one of the coldest and also the most misty sectors in the long line between Nieuport and Switzerland. Changes of temperature, too, are somewhat more frequent here than elsewhere; and so sudden are these changes that not long ago here occurred, on a part of the front, one of nature's furious and romantic reminders of her power to impose her will. The opposing French and German trenches, their parapets hard frozen, are so close that they are actually within hearing of each other. Towards dawn a rapid thaw set in. The parapets melted and subsided, and two long lines of men stood up naked, as it were, before each other, face to face with only two possibilities—wholesale murder on the one side or the other, or a temporary unofficial peace for the making of fresh parapet protections.

The situation was astounding and unique in the history of trench warfare. The French and German officers, without conferring and unwilling to negotiate, turned their backs so that they might not see officially so unwarlike a scene, and the men on each side rebuilt their parapets without the firing of a single shot.

This instance serves to illustrate the precarious weather in which the Germans have undertaken an adventure in the quick success of which the elements play

such a part. That the attack would certainly prove more costly to them than to the French the German Staff must have known. That the sufferings of the wounded lying out through the long nights of icy wind in the No-Man's Land between the lines would be great did not probably disturb the Crown Prince. It is one of the most gruesome facts in the history of the War that the French, peering through the moonlight at what they thought to be stealthily crawling Germans, found them to be wounded men frozen to death.

During the war, in France and in Flanders, in camps and in hospitals, I have conversed with at least 100 Germans. Prisoners' talk is always to be accepted with great reserve, but the prisoners of the Verdun campaign have so plainly horror and misery depicted upon their countenances that I need no other evidence as to the tragedy through which they have passed.

The vast battle of Verdun might have been arranged for the benefit of interested spectators, were it not that the whole zone for miles around the great scene is as tightly closed to the outer world as a lodge of Freemasons. Furnished with every possible kind of pass, accompanied by a member of the French Headquarters Staff in a military car driven by a chauffeur whose steel helmet marked him as a soldier, I was nevertheless held up by intractable gendarmes. My colleague (Mr. Wickham Steed[1]) the chief of the foreign department of *The Times,* who assisted me in the many inquiries I was

[1] Mr. Steed speaks French, German and Italian as a native, knows other languages sufficiently for intercourse, and does not object to the voyaging vagaries of his friend, the writer of the fragments that make up this book. During our Italian, Swiss, Spanish and French rush in the autumn, in most part of which he was with me, he tells me that our sleep average was three and a half hours in each twenty-four.—N.

presently allowed to make in and about the battlefield, was detained with me at a point twenty-five miles away from the great scene. Even at that distance the mournful and unceasing reverberation of the guns was insistent, and, as the sentry examined our papers and waited for telephonic instructions, I counted more than 200 of the distant voices of *Kultur*.

As one gets nearer and nearer the great arena on which the whole world's eyes are turned to-day, proofs of French efficiency and French thoroughness are countless. I do not pretend to any military knowledge other than a few scraps gathered in some half-dozen visits to the War, but the abundance of reserve shells for guns, from mighty howitzers to the graceful French mitrailleuse of the aeroplane, of rifle ammunition, of petrol stores, and of motor-wagons of every description, was remarkable. I can truly say that the volume exceeded anything in my previous experience.

As one approaches the battle the volume of sound becomes louder and at times terrific. And it is curious, the mingling of peace with war. The chocolate and the pneumatic tyre advertisements on the village walls, the kilometre stone with its ten kilometres to Verdun, a village curé peacefully strolling along the village street, just as though it were March, 1914, and his congregation had not been sent away from the war zone, while their houses were filled by a swarming army of men in pale blue. Such a wonderful blue this new French invisible cloth! A squadron of cavalry in the new blue and their steel helmets passes at the moment, and gives the impression that one is back again in what were known as the romantic days of war.

When one has arrived at the battlefield, there are a dozen vantage points from which with glasses, or, indeed,

with the naked eye, one can take in much that has happened. Verdun lies in a great basin with the silvery Meuse twining in the valley. The scene, is on the whole, Scottish. Verdun, from where I saw it, might be Perth, and the Meuse the Tay. Small groups of firs darken some of the hills, giving a natural resemblance to Scotland.

The town is being made into a second Ypres by the Germans. Yet, as it stands out in the sunlight, it is difficult to realise that it is a place whose people have all gone, save a few of the faithful who live below ground. (Ypres looked like that the first time I saw it soon after the war began.) The tall tower of Verdun still stands. Close by us is a hidden French battery, and it is pretty to see the promptitude with which it sends its screaming shells back to the Germans within a few seconds of the despatch of a missive from the Huns. One speedily grows accustomed to the sound and the scene, and can follow the position of the villages about which the Germans endeavour to mislead the world by wireless every morning.

We journey farther afield, and the famous fort of Douaumont is pointed out. The storming of Fort Douaumont as related by the German despatches is on a par with the sinking of the *Tiger* and the recent air bombardment of Liverpool. All the world knows that the *Tiger* is, as she was before the Germans sank her in their newspapers, one of the finest ships in the world, and that the air bombardment of Liverpool was imagined in Berlin. The storming of Fort Douaumont, gunless and unmanned, was about as important, a military operation of little value. A number of the Brandenburgers climbed into the gunless fort, and some of them are still there, supplied precariously with food by their com-

rades at night. They are practically surrounded by the French, whose Headquarters Staff regard the whole incident as a simple episode in the give-and-take of war. The announcement of the fall of Fort Douaumont to the world evinces the great anxiety of the Germans to magnify anything concerning Verdun into a great event. It should also cause people to apply a grain of salt to German offical *communiqués* before swallowing them.

These modern battles have now been described so frequently that there is little new to be written of them. Of the conflict at Verdun it can be said that on a fine day and out of sight of the horrors of the hand-to-hand encounters its surroundings make it a beautiful battle. There is rather more bird life in this part of France than in some others, and we noticed with particular interest the spirit and the cheerful song of a lark as it climbed skywards hard by the spot where a French "75" was splitting the ears with its snap and scream.

As night falls we come across our first convoy of the great hooded motor lorries, which my companion counted by the thousand while were were on our way between Paris and the Meuse. The War has reduced motor transport to a science, and in no way is French efficiency better demonstrated than in the manner in which they have added to the carrying capacity of their railways and great canals. They have utilised thousands of miles of poplar and lime-lined roads for mechanical transport at 15 miles an hour. On one road alone we counted 20 motor convoys, each composed of about a hundred wagons, and each group indicated by some simple mark, such as a four-leaved shamrock, an ace of hearts, or a comet.

Who are the men who are organising the great battle for the French side? Let me at once say that they

are young men. General Pétain, one of the discoveries of the war, till lately colonel (and since this date promoted to chief command), is still in his late fifties; most of the members of his staff are much younger. One hears of luxury at Headquarters, but I have not experienced it, either at our own Headquarters or at the French. General Pétain, when I enjoyed his hospitality at luncheon, drank tea. Most of his young men contented themselves with water, or the white wine of the Meuse.

In the brief meal he allowed himself the General discussed the battle as though he were merely an interested spectator. In appearance he resembles Lord Roberts, though he is of larger build. In accordance with the drastic changes that the French, like the Germans, are making in their Command, his rise has been so rapid that he is little known to the French people, though greatly trusted by General Joffre and the Government. I naturally did not ask his opinion on any matters connected with the War. We discussed the Australians, the Canadians, the great growth of the British Army, and kindred matters.

At another gathering of officers some one asked whether the French would not expect the British to draw off the Germans by making an attack in the West. "It is questionable," replied one young officer, "whether such an attack would not involve disproportionate losses that would weaken the Allies." The same officer pointed out that, although the capture of Verdun would cause great regret, owing to the historic name it bears, it would not, for many reasons, be more important than the pressing back of any other similar number of miles on the front. Forts being of little account since the introduction of the big German hammers, he believed

that General Sarrail had said that the question was not one merely of dismantling the forts, but of blowing them up. As it is, whenever the Germans capture a piece of land where an old fort happens to be, they will use it as an advertisement. But though the French officers are not looking to us, so far as I could learn, for active co-operation *now,* they are most certainly urging that when our new armies and their officers are trained we shall aid them by bearing our full share of the tremendous military burden they are carrying.

The present attack on the French at Verdun is by far the most violent incident of the whole Western War. As I write it is late. Yet the bombardment is continuing, and the massed guns of the Germans are of greater calibre than has ever been used in such numbers. The superb calm of the French people, the efficiency of their organisation, the equipment of their cheery soldiery, convince one that the men in the German machine would never be able to compare with them even if France had not the help of Russia, the five British nations, Belgium, Serbia, Italy and Japan (now she has the help of the United States also). It is unsafe to prophesy about war, as it is to prophesy about any other human affair, but this prediction one can make, and with certainty: that, whatever may be the result of the attack on the Verdun sector, every such effort will result in adding many more thousands of corpses to those now lying in the valley of the Meuse, the numbers of which are being so carefully concealed from the neutral world and the Germans themselves; and could neutrals see the kind of men whom the Germans do not scruple to use as soldiers their faith in Teutonic physical efficiency would receive a shock.

Unluckily a pygmy behind a machine-gun is the equal

of a giant. "What a pity your Highlanders cannot meet these fellows in fair fight," said a French officer, as we reviewed a gang of prisoners. "The war would be over in a month." Personal contact with the miserable creatures who form the bulk of the German prisoners here is needed to convince an observer that such specimens of humanity can really have belonged to the German Army, and especially to a *corps d'élite* such as the 3rd, or Berlin, Army Corps. One ill-favoured youth hailing from Charlottenburg was barely 5ft. 4in. high. Narrow-chested and peak-faced, he had the quick-wittedness of the urban recruit, but seemed far better fitted for his stool as a railway clerk than for the life of the trenches or for the ordeal of attack. Yet he had been taken at the end of 1914 and sent to Flanders after six weeks' training, "educated" in trench-making for another month, then left to fend for himself and his comrades as a full-fledged Prussian eaglet. Like the bulk of the other prisoners belonging to other units, he had been withdrawn at the beginning of February from the Flanders front and sent to the neighbourhood of Verdun. He had known that there was to be an attack, but until the order was actually given neither he nor his comrades had received any hint of the precise purpose of the operation in which he was to be employed.

Of one thing he and his fellows were heartily glad—to be taken away from the neighbourhood of the "frightful" English and nearer to the kindly French. From all the reports which these men had received from their families during the last two months it appears that, in the words of one of them, "there reigns in Germany considerable misery." All agreed that butter is unobtainable, meat scarce (except in Alsace and parts of Pomerania), fat almost unknown. In most respects the

food of the Army was tolerable, though not good or abundant. All declared that enthusiasm for the war had long since evaporated, though, as two of the more intelligent among them maintained, the German Army does not expect to be beaten, even if it no longer hopes to win. The chief longing of these men, as of their families, was for peace.

The only good thing about these prisoners was their foot-gear. Their stout Blücher boots were an object-lesson in the necessity of tightening certain features of our blockade and of adding a shortage of leather to the other deficiencies of the military and civil supply that are wearing down the German power of resistance.

LIFE IN REIMS

LIFE IN REIMS

THE SIGN THAT WILL BE KEPT FOREVER

Reims.

As our motor sped toward the stricken town this sunny afternoon, and we got our first view of the two towers of the great church, we rejoiced not a little that at a distance of a mile, all looked as it did before the Germans came, and when we reached Reims itself there were not, at that particular entrance gate, many signs of change. We were glad to be away from war for a while and to see women and children. For hours soldiers clad in horizon blue, with their paler blue helmets, had been our only companions. Mighty motor-lorries, vast collections of forage wagons, travelling kitchens, automobile searchlights, and the rest of the apparatus of war had blocked the roads for many leagues. In the city itself, except for shut shops as on Sunday, and a look of desolation, our first impressions were that the story of Reims had been exaggerated.

But suddenly, on our way to the cathedral, in the Boulevard de la Paix, strangely named, there were whole mansions down and others so mutilated that they exposed the long-kept privacy of chandeliered *salons,* bedrooms now wrecked, and hanging staircases. It was in the little square in front of the cathedral that we found *Kultur* displayed in its horrid nakedness. The

Archbisop's palace looks like a house in Pompeii, the cathedral's face, partly sandbagged, is ruined.

Perhaps my readers have known and loved Reims, and can recall the scene at the great west entrance. There is a humble little equestrian figure of Jeanne d'Arc, carrying now in her hand a French flag and decorated around the plinth with many tributes from passing soldiery, who have paused to note the marvel of the fact that her sanctity has not been disturbed by even one shell fragment. To the right of this little figure of Joan the Maid and facing the cathedral is the Hotel of the Lion d'Or, the front damaged but the house itself, though within a child's stonethrow of the cathedral, hardly hurt. To-day the hotel, reminiscent of the happy holidays of thousands of English and American tourists, bears itself bravely. There were even a few daffodils in the *salle à manger*, and there is a comfortable dug-out below stairs. There was exactly one foreign visitor who shared with us the excellent meal provided—Mr. Frank Hedges Butler, a well-known friend of France and one of the pioneers of the automobile. Here at Reims, with the Huns almost within rifle shot, and in places even more closely adjoining the firing line, the French provide wonderful meals.

I was asked to perform one little act of justice in connexion with the hotel. It is held by Mme. Pfister. Her foreign-looking name gave rise to ridiculous rumours that from the hotel signals were sent to the Hun artillery whereby the hotel was spared and the cathedral shelled. Mme. Pfister is French and her son is in the trenches. When the golden tide of English and American tourists returns every franc will be needed to pay for the devastation sustained, and no unjust slur should deprive this hotel of even one possible patron.

Reims is bombarded with persistent regularity. Its stricken folk are subject to attacks vastly more serious than any Zeppelin raid, and so often that the French *communiqués* have ceased to report them. The world outcry has saved the remains of the cathedral.

Let us take a little turn in the town while the guardian of the locked church is fetched. We find that quite a number of people of all classes remain. The old men and women that one associates with war are seated in the doorways of such houses as are not closed or in ruins, children play in the streets their shrill and merry games, a funeral passes with its little procession following. Here and there whole streets are closed, while in others a superficial observer would imagine that life in Reims was going on as usual. Judging by the wall advertisements, there seem to be some amusements, such as kinematographs. There is no lack of excellent food in the shops that are open. The people seem quite undisturbed by the continual murmur of cannon, and indeed after a few minutes one is oblivious of it.

Reims is a queer but quite an attractive *mélange,* difficult to describe. Almost every one carries a gas mask; the men keep theirs in compact tin cases slung from the wrist or attached to bicycle handle, the women in various kinds of bags. These masks can be bought at any chemist's and are so prepared as to need merely damping with water when required. The preponderance of the remaining native population is, of course, feminine, mostly workgirls who work in the great champagne *caves,* and in this matter I am asked to state that the war vintage of 1915 is believed to be the best since 1900. Here, deep down underground, thousands of women are busy filling and turning the acres of bottles that are arranged in the wonderful subterranean highways.

We obtained permission to descend into the famous Pommery cellars, which are laid out in what are really streets of wine, the whole forming an underground city of considerable extent. Millions of bottles are twisted by a dexterous movement of the hand each day. The process of preparing the champagne which will one day sparkle on distant tables wherever there is merriment is so complicated that the relatively high cost of this wine can be easily understood.

We have not time to tarry in the deep chalk streets of wine, many of which are named after American and English cities, such as Manchester-street, Liverpool-street, New York-street, and the rest, for Notre Dame is our aim. We have made a long journey to see it, and we are unfortunate to have found its guardian away. When we emerge to the surface and to sunlight and the sound of guns, we hasten to the cathedral so as to be there at the appointed moment, when what remains of the great window will be at its best in the setting sun. We are amused, *en passant,* by a glimpse of a real Parisian *élégante,* with the extremely high hat of the moment, the wide skirt, and the showy boots, carrying in her right hand her Pekinese and in her left her gas mask, looking as though she had just walked in from the Avenue du Bois. A truly remarkable sex!

The people of Reims keep the shell of the cathedral strictly closed, as though to hide its humiliation from such few soldier travellers in the war zone as have time to pause a moment in their urgent and bloody business. First, after glancing at the ruined façade, whose graven figures were considered one of the masterpieces of their period, we pondered some minutes in the remains of the Archbishop's palace. We had known it in happier days. The beautiful Salle du Tau, where the corona-

tion banquets were held, had a wonderful fifteenth-century chimney, but nothing remains to-day of the Archbishop's palace but wreckage and blackened and ruined walls. Modern artillery is mathematically accurate. For some fiendish reason the palace had been especially chosen as an objective. It is a building of only two storeys, so low as to be of no possible value as an observation post. The guardian told us that over a thousand shells fell therein.

We passed by a little door into the great church, whose doors had been continuously open since the rebuilding in 1481, and whose walls had contained so much magnificence in the past. Generations of affectionate guardians have seen to it that the coronation place of kings was swept and garnished each day. Now, save for the wild pigeons who are taking up their residence and whose peaceful cooing mingles strangely with the distant booming of German guns, it is bereft of life. The warm scent of incense is gone. The whole vast space of the cathedral which looks so much bigger than it did before so much of the internal woodwork was burned, is desolation itself. An attempt had been made at a tidying up, and the little, old guardian who shows us the ruins, indicating the obvious deliberation with which various parts of the cathedral have been shelled, tells us that very soon all will be restored and well. He has the absolute confidence of practically every Frenchman we met that the barbarians will soon leave France. He tells us with delight that the famous tapestries, which will be remembered by all, were taken away at the first news of the invasion of the Huns and are safe, as is also, we found afterwards, the beautiful Church of St. Remi.

Many people ask about the glass of Reims and what has happened to it. Much of it is gone. A great deal

of it is passing over the world in fragments as souvenirs. Set in the aluminum rings made in the trenches from German fuzes, the blue glass is difficult to distinguish from sapphire.

As the moment came for saying farewell to Notre Dame the great rose window over the main portal illumined the whole church. Partly because half of it is destroyed, the light came in strongly, and as the sun sank a fierce gleam lit up a horrible discoloration on the stone pavement. "That," said our guide with much feeling, "is the burnt blood of the wounded Germans who had sought refuge in the cathedral and who were done to death by their own incendiary shells. That sign we shall keep forever as a warning to the world of the danger of Hun ferocity."

WITH THE ITALIANS

WITH THE ITALIANS

Of the ferocious fighting on the Italian front little is understood in England. If the figures of the wounded carried by the British Red Cross ambulances alone could be published, they would, perhaps, open the eyes of the public. Let me select one battle scene, the birdless, waterless Carso. It is certainly the thirstiest battlefield this side of Suez. It can only be compared to a gigantic Shap fell or Devonshire tor. It is not unlike the Arizona desert without the alkali.

As another battlefield, look at the Calvaria position, on the Podgora hill outside Gorizia on the west bank of the Isonzo river. Take the steepest wooded hillside you know; put the Austrians, deeply and cunningly entrenched, on the top; and realise that the capture of that one hill has cost Italy 15 months' bloodshed. The price was great, though the thousand deeds of heroism which resulted in the sudden flight of the Austrians should thrill generations of Italians yet unborn.

These are but two of the battlefields of Italy which are barely known to the outside world. They deserve to be known.

We toiled one day under a burning sun along miles of the rugged Carso—the harsh German name "Karst" seems apter for this inhospitable, rock-strewn plateau, where lizards alone find life bearable—past where a week before had been Italian-Austrian first line positions. In one night the Italian engineers had hammered and hewn across the bare limestone a tolerable road which next

day would be smooth enough for motor vehicles. Warm food—the excellent Italian *minestrone,* a thick soup composed of meat, vegetables, rice, and macaroni—was being brought up on mule back to the danger zone and carried thence by hand to the firing line.

One gruesome sight in the former No Man's Land between the first positions bore witness to the character of the climate. We came upon the remains of a human body in a kneeling posture absolutely mummified by the scorching heat amid the brambles, thistles, wild roses, and scraggy mountain ash, which form the only vegetation in this desolate region. While collecting battle souvenirs for a boy friend at home I discovered that, during the hot hours of the day, metal objects can only be handled with difficulty.

A strange feature of the Carso are the deep, crater-like depressions called *doline,* filled with dark brown, peaty earth, every one of which forms a natural fort. The Austrian troops fortify them and build officers' shelters in their sides. One such group of shelters had been devastated by the Italian bombardment. The occupants had fled, abandoning vast quantities of ammunition, entrenching tools, whole cases marked "explosive cartridges," piles of rockets, a rich assortment of hand-grenades, lengths of water hose, rolls of wire, and other paraphernalia of this uncanny war. A pestilential odour proved that not all the inhabitants of these barbaric excavations had fled. Letters and relics also showed that ladies from Budapest had been not infrequent visitors.

Owing to the fact that so many Italian and Austrian soldiers have worked in the United States and Canada, it often happens that English is the only language in which they can mutually converse. One day I saw a small band of prisoners being brought in by Bersaglieri,

who answered my remarks upon the stout physical appearance of the prisoners by saying in good New York dialect, "They can holler all right, Mister," at which the prisoners grinned with evident understanding.

On a Sunday afternoon I witnessed on the Izonzo front a prolonged bombardment, at a distance of 5,500 yards, of a rocky cavern in which an Austrian battery of mountain guns and a number of machine-guns were known to be concealed. Hour after hour 8 in. Howitzers planted their shells within a few yards of the same spot. It was bright and clear, and through a powerful telescope we could pick out every individual pine tree in the neighbourhood of the cavern, and see great rock splinters being thrown in all directions at the moment of the explosion of the shell.

Next morning I was writing in brilliant sunshine and several degrees of frost on the Cadore front. It is not usually realised that the Italian front is nearly 500 miles long. In the parched, stony wilderness of the Carso, which I have already described, the chief enemy of the fighting man is thirst. The chief enemy on the Cadore front is frost. These two facts should bring home some of the difficulties that the Italians have faced for 29 months.

In discussing the peculiarities of the mountain fighting as contrasted with the fighting on the road to Trieste, his Majesty the King of Italy, who has a fine sense of words, and who has spoken English from childhood, said:—"Picture to yourself my men 9,000 ft. up in the clouds for seven months, in deep snow, so close to the Austrians that at some points the men can see their enemies' eyes through the observation holes. Imagine the difficulties of such a life with continual sniping and bomb-throwing."

King Victor Emmanuel's grim picture of war was in such strong contrast to the tropical fighting I had seen that I asked General Cadorna for permission to come and see the fighting in the clouds. The illustrated newspapers have from time to time published photographs of great cannon carried up into these Dolomite Alps, but I confess to having never realised what it meant. It had never occurred to me to imagine what happens to the wounded men, or to the dead. How do supplies and ammunition reach these lonely sentinels of our Allies?

I have watched great steamers arrive at our British bases in France—the transport of their freight by train and the wonderful motor service, and then on by light railways or horse vehicles. Here food for the men and food for the guns go first by giddy, zigzag roads, specially built by the Italians for this war. They are not mere tracks, but are as wide as the Grand Corniche that runs between Nice and Mentone. When these have reached their utmost possible height there comes a whole series of "wire ways," as the Italian soldiers call them. Steel cables slung from hill to hill, from ridge to ridge, span yawning depths and reach almost vertically into the clouds. Up these cables go guns and food, as well as timber for the huts, in which the men live; and material for entrenchments. Down these come the wounded. The first sensation of a transit down these seemingly fragile tight-ropes is much more curious than the first trip in a submarine or aeroplane, and tries even the strongest nerves.

Man is not only fighting man at these heights, but both Italians and Austrians have been fighting Nature in some of her fiercest aspects. The gales and snow-storms are excelled in horror by avalanches. Quite lately the melting snow revealed the frozen bodies, look-

ing horribly lifelike, of a whole platoon which had been swept away nearly a year ago.

While there have been heavy casualties on both sides from sniping, bombing, mountain- and machine-guns, and heavy artillery, there has been little sickness among the Italians. The men know that doctors' visits are practically impossible. Therefore they follow the advice of their officers. King Victor Emmanuel, whose life has been passed almost entirely among the troops since the beginning of the war, told me, however, that despite the greatest care, occasional casualties from frost-bite are impossible to avoid. Yet the men have all the comforts that it is humanly possible to obtain. The cloud fighters are extremely well fed. Huts are provided, fitted with stoves similar to those used in Arctic expeditions.

I do not know how many kinds of artillery are used in these Alps. In addition to heavy guns there are guns carried on mules and guns partly carried by mountain artillerymen—huge fellows whose weight-carrying capacity entirely puts into the shade that of the Constantinople *hamels,* or porters. When Queen Margherita arrived at Gressoney some years ago, four Alpine gunners *presented arms with the guns of a battery.* They are cheery fellows, not a little proud of their strength, and with backs like bulls.

Higher yet than the mountain fighting line stand the vedettes, sentinels and outposts whose work resembles that of expert Alpine climbers. They carry portable telephones, with which they can communicate with their platoon. The platoon in turn telephones to the local commander. When thinking of our own brave men who have held the trenches in French Flanders for these two years and who now, with Dominion and Oversea troops, are alongside the French slowly forcing back the Ger-

mans in Flanders, it is only fair that we should realise that, but for the work of these Italians in weakening Germany's chief ally in the mountains, on the lower ground near Gorizia, in Gorizia itself, and in the Carso desert, our advance would not have been possible.

General Cadorna is intensely grateful to the heroes fallen in the strange, deadly guerilla warfare on the mountain peaks. I saw one gallant young officer with three medals for valour. In one division alone 40 such medals were recently distributed—a sure sign how General Cadorna, who is no sentimentalist, appreciates the gallantry of these fighters among the precipices and avalanches.

On reaching the headquarters of this division at dawn I found a batch of prisoners captured in a midnight battle near a Dolomite summit drawn up in line. In contradistinction to the prisoners taken in the Plain battle, they were ragged and unkempt tramps. The only decent things about them were their boots, rifles, and the stout mountain staff which each carried. The captors, with soldierly generosity, had shared their own soup with them—food such as, the prisoners said, they had not tasted for six months. One had a lump of Austrian military bread. Dark coloured—not the healthy colour of rye bread—hard to chew, sodden to touch, evil of smell, it seems barely possible that it can sustain the strength of human beings in the coming terrible winter conditions of this mountain warfare.

As the sun rose the great peaks of the Dolomites stood out like pink pearls, set here and there in a soft white vapour. Coming through a Canadian-looking pine forest, with log-house barracks, kitchens, and canteens beneath one such peak, I was reminded of Dante's lines:—"Gazing above, I saw her shoulders clothed already with

the planet's rays." But poetic memories soon faded before a sniper's bullet from a very near Austrian outlook.

At one spot the Austrian and Italian barbed wire entanglements were clearly visible through glasses on a neighbouring summit at a height of over 10,000 feet. A few yards below in an open cavern protected by an overhanging rock the little grey tents of Italy's soldiers were plainly seen.

The Italians have driven back the Austrians foot by foot up the almost vertical Dolomite rock with mountain, field, and heavy guns, and especially in hand-to-hand and bomb fighting. Sniping never ceases by day, but the actual battles are almost invariably fought by night.

The only day fighting is when, as in the famous capture of Col di Lana and more recently at Castelletto, the whole or part of a mountain top has to be blown off, because it is impossible to turn or carry it by direct assault. Tunnels, sometimes 800 yards long, are drilled by machinery through the solid rock beneath the Austrian strongholds, which presently disappear under the smashing influence of 30 or 40 tons of dynamite. Then the Alpini swarm over the *débris* and capture or kill the enemy survivors and rejoice in a well-earned triumph.

One needs to have scaled a mountain side to an Italian gun emplacement or look-out post to gauge fully the nature of this warfare. Imagine a catacomb, hewn through the hard rock, with a central hall and galleries leading to a gun position 7,000 feet up. Reckon that each gun emplacement represents three months' constant labour with drill, hammer, and mine. Every requirement, as well as food and water, must be carried up by men at night or under fire by day. Every soldier employed at these heights needs another soldier to bring him food and drink, unless, as happens in some places, the devoted wives

of the Alpini act nightly under organised rules as porters for their husbands.

The food supply is most efficiently organised. A young London Italian private, speaking English perfectly, whom I met by chance, told me, and I have since verified the information, that the men holding this long line of the Alps received special food, particularly during the seven months' winter. Besides the excellent soup which forms the staple diet of the Italian as of the French soldiers, the men receive a daily ration of two pounds of bread, half a pound of meat, half a pint of red wine, macaroni of various kinds, rice, cheese, dried and fresh fruit, chocolate, and, thrice weekly, small quantities of Cognac and Marsala.

Members of the Alpine Club know that in the high Dolomites water is in summer often as precious as on the Carso. Snow serves this purpose in winter. Three months' reserve supplies of oil fuel, food, alcohol, and medicine must be stored in the catacomb mountain positions, lest, as happened to an officer whom I met, the garrisons should be cut off by snow for weeks and months at a time.

The experience of the Italian front brings into prominence one little understood aspect of the Italian character—its patience, and its industry as of ants. *Pazienza* is one of the commonest Italian words. Here it is exemplified both by faith and works.

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

A GREAT MAN THROWN UP BY THE WAR

When history relates the story of the great battles of the Somme, it will tell how Sir Douglas Haig and his Staff had their Headquarters in a modest dwelling, part of which was still occupied by the family who owned it.

Thus it is that the voices of children running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the guns and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labours are never out of the thoughts of their countrymen throughout the Empire.

The head of this band of brothers, the Commander-in-Chief of an Army ten times larger than that of the great Duke, is Sir Douglas Haig, well known to his troops from the base to the front, though hardly known at all to the masses of his fellow-subjects at home.

In these days of instant communication by telephone, despatch rider, telegraph, or wireless, a greater part of the life of the Commander-in-Chief is spent at his Headquarter offices. In times of stress he rarely moves from them. Outwardly the life of Sir Douglas Haig might seem to be that of some great Scotch laird who chooses to direct his estates himself.

At exactly five and twenty minutes past eight each morning Sir Douglas joins his immediate Staff at the usual informal breakfast of English life. Though he has

selected his Staff, without fear or favour, from the best elements of the British Armies that have been tried for two years in the field, there is something indefinably Scottish in the atmosphere of his table. The Commander-in-Chief is of an ancient Scottish family born in the kingdom of Fife, so that the spear of our British offensive is tipped with that which is considered to be more adamant than the granite of Aberdeen. Lithe and alert, Sir Douglas is known for his distinguished bearing and good looks. He has blue eyes and an unusual facial angle, delicately-chiselled features, and a chin to be reckoned with. There is a characteristic movement of the hands when explaining things.

Sir Douglas does not waste words. It is not because he is silent or unsympathetic—it is because he uses words as he uses soldiers, sparingly, but always with method. When he is interested in his subject, as in talking of his gratitude to and admiration of the new armies and their officers, or in testifying to the stubborn bravery of the German machine-gunners, it is not difficult to discern from his accent that he is what is known North of the Tweed as a Fifer. A Fifer is one of the many types that have helped to build up the Empire, and is probably the best of all for dealing with the Prussian. First of all in the armoury of the Fifer is patience, then comes oblivion to all external surroundings and pressure, with a supreme concentration on the object to be attained. Fifeshire is the home of the national game of Scotland; and it is the imperturbability of the Fifer that makes him so difficult to beat in golf, in affairs, and in war. Behind the dourness of the man of the East Coast is the splendid enthusiasm that occasion sometimes demands, though there is no undue depression or elation at an unexpected bunker or an even unusually fortunate round.

While I was with the little family party at Headquarters there came news that was good, and some that was not so good. Neither affected the Commander-in-Chief's attitude towards the war, nor the day's work, in the least degree whatever. There are all sorts of minor criticisms of the Commander-in-Chief at home, mainly because the majority of the people know nothing about him. He is probably not interested in home comments, but is concerned that the Empire should know of the unprecedented valour of his officers and men. Consequently the doings of the Army are put before the world each day with the frankness that is part of Sir Douglas Haig's own character. He is opposed to secrecy except where military necessity occasions it. He dislikes secret reports on officers. Those who visit him are treated with great candour, and there is always a suitable selection of guests at Headquarters to bring variety to the meal-times of men who are engaged in their all-absorbing tasks. If they are interested in any particular part of the organisation, medical, transport, artillery, strategy, they are invited to ask questions and, if possible, to suggest. In many large houses of business there is a suggestion-box in which the staff or employees are invited to put forward their ideas in writing. I do not know whether there is such an institution in the Army, but certainly all sorts of new ideas are discussed at the table at General Headquarters. In every case "Can it be done?" takes precedence of "It can't be done."

Nor, despite the fact that the Commander-in-Chief is a Cavalry officer, does he show any obsession with the arm with which the greater part of his military life has had to deal. Surrounded by a group of the best experts our Empire can provide, most of whom have had 24 months' war experience, he is in conference with them

from morning till late at night. During his daily exercise ride he has one or other of his staff experts with him. The wonderful system of communication established throughout the length and breadth of his zone has linked up the whole military machine so effectively that information can be gained instantly from most distant and difficult parts of his line of operations or communications. In the ante-chambers of the Commander-in-Chief's small working-room the telephone is rarely silent; and a journey into many parts of his Army proved to me that out of the two years' struggle have emerged men, and often very young men, able to do the Commander-in-Chief's bidding or to furnish him with what he desires. Out of the necessary chaos of a war that was unexpected save by the Army and a few prescient students, have emerged Armies in which Scottish precision and courage, English dash and tenacity, Irish defiance and devotion, Australian and Canadian fierce gallantry all play their proper parts. Sir Douglas Haig is fifty-four years of age. Many of his staff are greatly his junior. They are a grave and serious body of men who have inspired confidence from one end of the line to the other. They are not dull, there is plenty of familiar badinage at the proper time. There is deep devotion and loyalty in their labours.

It is said that most of them have aged a little in their ceaseless round of work and anxiety, but they are all at a period of life when responsibility can best be borne. "War," says Sir Douglas Haig, "is a young man's game."

A soldier who had fought in the first battle of Ypres spoke to me of the Commander-in-Chief as follows:—

> It was just when the Germans had broken our line and little parties of our men were retreating. At that moment Sir Douglas Haig, then command-

ing the First Corps, came along the Menin road with an escort of his own 17th Lancers, all as beautifully turned out as in peace time. They approached slowly, and the effect upon our retreating men was instantaneous. As Sir Douglas advanced they gathered and followed him. In the event the Worcesters attacked Gheluvelt, which had been taken by the enemy, drove them out, and restored the line. The Commander-in-Chief's presence was, and is, a talisman of strength to his armies.

On the last night of my visit to this little company I was walking with one of his circle in the gardens, watching the flashing of the guns, which looked like summer lightning flickering continuously. We had been talking of many things other than war, though the war was never out of our ears, for the throbbing was perpetual. It was late, for the warm night was a temptation to sauntering and exchange of views.

As we passed through the hall on our way upstairs the door of the Commander-in-Chief's room was open. We paused for a moment to watch him bending over the map on which the whole world is gazing to-day, the map which he is slowly and surely altering for the benefit of civilisation and the generations unborn. He was about to begin his nightly vigil.

JOFFRE

MARSHAL JOFFRE

THE CREATOR OF THE FRENCH GENERAL STAFF

From the newspaper headlines to the Man. From the hurrying tide of early morning clerkdom in the London streets to the good-byes of the morning train to the front. From the Red Cross stir of busy Boulogne, now become our greatest hospital, past the cheery ranks of the newly-landed Territorial battalion, singing their way up one of the rare hills of old Flanders. A rush along the long straight roads of Picardy through villages packed with waiting Turcos, Zouaves, Lancers, Artillerymen, in French blue or the new khaki, to the strange calm of the Grand Quartier-Général of the French Army.

It is considered indiscreet to indicate the General Headquarters of an army in these days, though the Germans always know their exact location, and we know theirs. Suffice it to say that the General Headquarters of the French Army are at a spot and in a building well known to English people. There are very few of us who have seen it in its present astonishing quietude.

The pride and panoply of war have gone, even if they ever existed. A visit to General Joffre, save for the presence of one or two orderlies at the gate, is just an ordinary visit at an ordinary hotel. Père Joffre, who had the destinies of France in his hands, received me at the appointed hour to the minute, in a tiny room with a long narrow table covered with a white felt top, a room

probably sixteen feet long by twelve wide, perfectly plain, which most likely was one of the servants' offices in the hotel where Headquarters are situated.

When I re-visited him the other day I found that he had exchanged that very humble apartment for one rather more suitable to the needs of a man who has to receive commissions and deputations as a part of his daily routine. It is even yet a simple *milieu* for the head of one of the mightiest forces in the world. I emphasise this fact because there appears to be some sort of curious, all-prevailing belief in the public mind that army headquarters are abodes of luxury.

The Generalissimo arrives at his *bureau* at 6.30 every morning, and at 7 he has a conference with the six leading officials of the General Staff, or Grand État Major, and his two aides, both generals, and three other officers. At this conference all the reports and despatches of the night are gone through and discussed, and orders given for the day. Lunch is served always at 11, and always consists of the same menu of eggs and cutlets, after which, at 12 o'clock, there is another conference. At 1 the General goes out till 4. He either walks or drives, generally in the adjacent woods. At 8.30 there is the third conference, attended by the same people, and at 9 punctually, no matter what happens, the General goes to bed. He remains all the time at his Headquarters, save once a week, when he goes to the front to inspect the troops or to see generals. A very efficient telephone service renders more frequent departure from Headquarters unnecessary.

His methods are well illustrated by his procedure at the Battle of the Marne. All the orders written by himself were already drawn up on August 27 for the action which began on September 5. He pondered them all out,

and then pieced the whole battle together bit by bit, like a delicate piece of mechanism which, when the time came, ran like clockwork.

His great work in the French Army was the organisation of the General Staff when he became Commandant-en-Chef in July, 1911. To this is due the success of the French armies against the Germans, for the staffs were composed of men who had worked together for three years and are employed now over country which they know.

Joffre wears a pale blue *vareuse* or tunic, of very ample proportions, no decorations, save three gold stars on his arm and on the cuffs, and the red trousers with the black stripe.

As that great, grey head rose from the writing table the impression of the man upon me was that of massiveness. Uniform caps of whatever nationality have the effect of making men look more or less alike. The great head of Joffre, the iron chin, the kind, rather sad eyes, are quite unlike the photographs and equally unlike our stupid notion of what we call "the average Frenchman." Père Joffre is from Rivesaltes, in the Pyrénées-Orientales, and he speaks slowly, and with no more gesture than a Scotsman, in the rich accent of the Midi.

Joffre has emerged as one of the great personalities of the war. Every German prisoner captured knows the name and fame of "Shoffer." Frequently in the little messages that the Germans shoot with bows and arrows into the French lines is the remark, "Ask your General Joffre why he is letting you Frenchmen get killed for the sake of the English." There is an idea always floating in the German mind, from the highest quarters in the Wilhelmstrasse to the trenches in the Woevre, that Germany will be able to effect a separate peace with France.

Should there exist in that deluded nation of 70 millions any single individual with a knowledge of French psychology, a glance at Joffre should be sufficient to teach him otherwise.

Often in years back, discussing the war that was to be, we had whispered, "Yes, but will the French produce a man?" One basic fact in this matter is that the French have thrown up not one man but several.

"How is he bearing the war?" people asked me in Paris. I can truly say that General Joffre in the heat of the Battle of Verdun looked strong, well, and cheerful. On my previous visit I thought he was showing signs of war fatigue. Now in the midst of the colossal series of battles that had lasted for months, the head of the wonderful French war machine had the healthy look of a country squire in those good old days, four years ago, when men rode to hounds a couple of days a week.

CADORNA

COUNT CADORNA

HUMOROUS, ADAMANT AND SUBTLE

A SHORT, lithe, quick-moving man of sixty-six, General Cadorna is the most humorous of all the generals in the Great War. He has a glitter in his grey eyes that reminded me of those of the late Pierpont Morgan. The resemblance applies also to the character of the two men, for Mr. Morgan was ruthless and kind, and adamant, too, when necessary. Those are the characteristics of Italy's great general, liked, feared, and respected by every Italian soldier or civilian with whom I conversed.

The Italian and British armies have reached their perfection along very similar roads, but the difficulties of the Italians were greater than ours. We were unprepared, but united; Italy was unprepared and distracted by faction.

Among those who accomplished what looked like the impossible—a quickly improvised defence of Italy against her time-honoured enemy, Austria—Luigi Cadorna must be given first place. With his must be coupled the name of his King, for the King of Italy is not only nominally but really the head of the Italian Army, and Cadorna is his Chief of Staff. The Italian monarch is so modest and self-effacing that he is comparatively little known to his own people, though well understood by his soldiers, who see him continually.

He and Cadorna share an advantage not given to most

of us in Great Britain. They have been close to the enemy so long that they understand the enemy psychology. It surprised the rest of the world that the taking of Gorizia should be followed by an attempt to bomb St. Mark's at Venice. It surprised us that the Germans should essay to offset the defeat of the Marne by the destruction of the cathedral at Reims. These things do not astonish the Italians and the French; indeed, they expect them.

As one travels about the world and encounters the busiest people in it, they all seem to share the same characteristic. They all so economise their time that they have moments for cigars and discourse. That was so with Mr. Morgan. (And the blackness of those cigars!) That is so with Count Cadorna. He gave me an hour and a half one day, in which he did all the interviewing, and a very merry luncheon on another day at which he kept his table amused all the time.

His quarters are at Udine, at about the usual distance of most headquarters from the firing line, to which the great captain pays visits long before most of us are awake.

He is a general who believes in seeing for himself. He took personal part in the direction of the final battle for Gorizia, climbing the ghastly hill of Podgora with the vigour of an Alpino. He is a close student of war, and he has all the subtlety of the Italian. In the long story of the last three and a quarter years he is almost the only general who has devised a surprise.

Nearly all the men at the extreme top of the war know something about the whole war. That is not the case with the minor personalities, even in the Higher Command. Many generals, in surveying their own small piece of the front, think the whole war is there, and judge its success

or duration by their own little piece of landscape. It is they who, when on leave, tell us cheerfully that the war is nearly over, or gloomily that the Boche line is impenetrable. Their words are whispered far and wide, and are part of the cause of the rumours and counter rumours of the clubs and dinner tables.

Cadorna knows the size of the war as accurately as Joffre or Haig. He knows about things with which the average soldier does not concern himself, such as the effect of German propaganda in the United States and the value of a counter effort over there that could be put forth by the Italians resident in that country. He knows that the Battle of the Somme is part of the Battle of the Carso. He is a statesman, too, as well as a soldier, and like all Italians, happy to be in alliance with us. His *communiqués* are meticulously accurate.

It seems strange to us that a boy should begin to learn soldiering at ten, but that is what Cadorna did, for in 1860 he went to the Military School at Milan, where he was sent by his distinguished father, Count Raffaele Cadorna, who had married Countess Clementina Zoppi—names of note in Italian history.

At fifteen he proceeded to the Military Academy at Turin. At the age of forty-two he had attained the rank of Colonel in command of the 10th Bersaglieri. For some years afterwards he was engaged on his famous "Manual of Tactics," which has been reprinted again and again during the war, with very little alteration from the original edition.

Cadorna sets his face against personal or family favouritism. It is in the blood. In 1870 he had become his father's A.D.C., but as soon as there was active work to do, the elder Cadorna was given the command of the troops which entered Rome in the War of Liberation,

and he then dispensed with his son's services. Last year the present General Cadorna had his son Raffaele as one of his A.D.C.'s, and following the family example, he sent the boy back to his regiment directly Italy entered the lists.

With His Excellency General Cadorna (to give him his Italian prefix) is General Porro, and along the whole of the Italian front are generals who have arrived at their position by the ruthless process of elimination necessary to success in war. Some of the earlier generals made mistakes and are gone, as with our army. War is just what it always was, and victory is for those who make the fewest mistakes.

One conviction one had in bidding farewell to that determined-looking Italian, Luigi Cadorna, was that though genial and full of amusing anecdote, he will not suffer fools gladly. His telegrams of praise and reprimand, some of which I saw on my visits to the various fronts, were models of terseness, written frankly, almost brutally indeed—as a soldier should write.

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

THE BRITISH SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

I HAVE not seen any description of the arrival of our dear soldier boys, many of whom have never before left England, in the country which is the destination, for good or for ill, of the majority of those who leave England on the Great Adventure. Quite by chance I have on two occasions witnessed the landing abroad of a great number of them.

At three o'clock one morning, in a certain French town, I was awakened by the sound of an English bugle call. Throwing open the window I looked out, and there, in the glare of tall arc lights, had assembled, as if by magic, a great company of English soldiers who had just landed. I could hear the roll being called. In a few minutes the transport in which they had come had steamed away, and the thousand or so young Britons had passed from the harbour and were on their way to their fate. The great lamps were extinguished, they were gone, and the whole thing seemed like a dream. It was a scene queer and mysterious, and was not witnessed by any but a few dock workers and myself.

I had forgotten the incident until, the other day at Boulogne, I saw, by day, the arrival of another transport's load. I determined to watch our boys and their demeanour on reaching a strange country that was to be for them so full of romance and adventure. Bright, fresh lads, their English faces looked so red beside those of our darker Allies.

So few hours had elapsed since they had left Eng-

land that many of them still wore the flowers their sweethearts had given them on leaving. They looked about earnestly and curiously; their officers, a little nervous I thought, were marshalling them for the roll-call, somewhat anxious as to what the busy townspeople, hurrying to their midday *déjeuner,* would think; the French present took very little notice, for they had witnessed this scene every day for months. Women went among the soldiers selling oranges and cigarettes, and there was a little chaffing between the French girls and the "Tommies," in which the girls did most of the badinage. Soon they passed, as I had seen the others do at night, on their way to a rest camp, whence they will spread all over Northern France, so that eventually one finds them in the most unexpected places.

I have seen them working great barges, running trains and steamboats, digging trenches, building bridges, making roads and railways, erecting huts, and always neat and spruce.

The faces of our soldiers, unlike those of the Germans, are full of individuality. Our boys have their own ways of doing things, and while they are the finest troops in the world for trench fighting, being immovable (and ferocious! as German prisoners have told me on more than one occasion), they have their own peculiarities in regard to their food and their living.

One of the good qualities that particularly distinguish the British soldier from any other is his insistence upon smartness. Our "Tommy" has his own walk and his own way of wearing his clothes, so distinctive that one can distinguish him on the skyline in a country where English, French, and Belgians are working together.

One day I luckily had the interesting experience of seeing the depots of part of the English Army, part of

the French Army, and part of the Belgian Army. The contrast was interesting. "Tommy" is certainly an epicure, and he is right, for nothing we can give and nothing we can do can be too good for our boys. For his enjoyment we export supplies which, stacked in boxes, form veritable walls of dates, jam, pickled walnuts, chutney, and pepper, not to mention bacon, bully beef, butter, and cheese. The French soldier is a better cook than "Tommy," and he manages with much less meat, but has a great deal more bread, much more soup (which he makes from bread, leeks, and meat), an occasional chicken, when he can get it, coffee, and a little red wine.

The Italian has, as I have told in another chapter, a most varied diet, nourishing soup, two pounds of bread and half a pound of meat a day, half a pint of red wine, macaroni of various kinds, rice, cheese, fresh and dried fruit, chocolate, and in the mountains brandy or Marsala thrice a week.

The Belgian soldier insists on immense quantities of potatoes, with soup, cheese, bread and butter, and meat.

Our Army is perfectly fed according to the demands of its own men.

There never has been an army so well cared for. Take the Y.M.C.A. huts alone. They are to be found everywhere in the most unlikely places, and are not, as some people seem to think, centres for the dissemination of cant and tracts, but bright and attractive clubs, where, at the minimum price, soldiers can, if they wish, add to the good things provided by grateful John Bull. Not only are there Y.M.C.A. huts, but there are also those of the Church and Salvation Armies, and private efforts in addition.

As for hospital care, the Royal Army Medical Corps, the British Red Cross Society, the Canadian and Aus-

tralian Red Cross, and the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, with independent bodies, such as the Society of Friends and the American Ambulance, have produced organisations at whose perfection I stand and marvel.

Much of it has been made possible by public generosity at home, much of it by Government foresight and wisdom, much of it by great self-sacrifice on the part of workers. I have seen him who is said to be the world's greatest surgeon acting as his own dresser in a hospital for privates. I saw the King's own doctor the other day helping in one of the great hospitals at Wimereux. One often hears it said that had the military part of the war been conducted with the vigour and prevision that have prevailed in the Army Service Corps, the R.A.M.C., and the British Red Cross Society; had the munitions, big howitzers, and machine guns been thought of as quickly as the hospitals and the transport, the Germans would have long ago been driven over the Rhine.

One sometimes feels that while everything has been done for "Tommy," not enough has been done for the young officers. Their case will require more attention before the war is over. Their pay and allowances are grossly insufficient. Going to and from the front they often have to stop at expensive hotels, and in war time everything, of course, is necessarily high in price. I was delighted to come across something new at Boulogne in the shape of an officers' club founded by Lady Dudley, which is exactly what is required for the happiness and comfort of officers, to whom, after the mud, toil, and danger of the trenches, the place must seem a veritable haven. This idea has been extended to other bases and centres. The officer has no Y.M.C.A. hut, and is often lonely in his comings and goings in a strange land. Lady

Dudley's kindly thought and industry in this matter and her provision of much English comfort for the club remind me that a great many of the enthusiastic ladies who volunteered their help at the beginning of the war have found the work harder than they thought, and in some cases much too onerous for health.

Yet there are many British, Canadian, and Australian women doing all sorts of voluntary work behind the front which should, if only as an example, be better known than it is. Does one ever think of the fatigue of nurses, of the terrific strain many of them endure at times when fighting is active? Many of these overworked ladies do not get the rest that is needed. Lady Gifford manages the beautiful home given by Princess Louise in the woods of Hardelot, now yellow with wild daffodils. She told me that sometimes the sisters cannot get the sound of the guns out of their ears for days, and I can imagine that Hardelot, with its beautiful sands and its golf course, is a paradise after life in a hospital near the fighting line.

I have had little talks with some hundreds of our soldiers during the war, and in regard to care and comfort and nursing, diet and clothes, the provision for reading and smoking, I have never heard a single complaint. The health of all is wonderful. The meeting of Scotsman and Southerner, Londoner and Provincial, Irishman and Englishman is bringing about an interchange of thought that will materially alter British politics as soon as the boys return home. There are the Canadians, too, with their independent thinking and initiative. Now that the Australians and New Zealanders have come there will be a veritable formation, in France, of an indissoluble bond of Empire which, I do not doubt, will have vast influence on the future of the world's history.

THE NEW LITTLE BELGIAN ARMY

THE NEW LITTLE BELGIAN ARMY

Headquarters of the Belgian Army,
March, 1916.

THE little army that first arrested the rush of the Huns, the army that gave the Allies invaluable breathing time, has been fighting longer than any of us.

And it is not too much to say that the world's debt to Belgium has increased steadily since those hectic hours at Liége and Antwerp. The United States recognises its share in the work for civilisation by helping to feed the six millions of Belgians who are holding themselves so proudly while under the immediate domination of the tyrant.

I had been with the Belgian Army soon after its long series of rearguard actions. It was then suffering from its great losses; it was war weary, and it needed sleep and equipment. It had never lost heart or discipline.

To-day it is the same army, but renewed. It has no great reserves to fall back upon, because the greater part of the nation is imprisoned. The wise men who administer it under the affectionate care of the King have, therefore, while getting into the ranks every possible available Belgian of military age, wherever he may be, devoted themselves to the work of refitting and reorganising. The result is a perfect little army.

Belgium is above all things fortunate in having a man. For beyond question one of the most vital of all the forces among the Allies is the Belgian Minister of War,

Baron de Broqueville. For years before the outbreak of hostilities *The Times* had consistently called attention to de Broqueville's work and warnings. Except for those warnings Belgium would not have been in a position to offer the resistance it did to the Monster. De Broqueville is fifty-three and looks younger—though I notice the war has not left him unmarked since our last meeting. He is as alive as our Mr. Hughes, and it is remarkable that the views of the two men are alike.

When I arrived at the house, within hearing of the guns, in which he spends alternate weeks between his visits to Havre, his secretary, the young Comte de Lichtervelde, had just finished reading to him one of Mr. Hughes's speeches. Monsieur de Lichtervelde, who knows England and the United States very well indeed, makes it his duty, as part of his secretarial work, to keep his chief well informed in world happenings. A courier each afternoon brings that same morning's *Times*.

M. de Broqueville, who is as good-looking and well-groomed as he is alert, discussed the whole of the European and world situation incisively, frankly, and with a vigour and directness most refreshing to one whose misfortune it is to dwell within reach of the miasmic exhalations of the Upas Tree of Westminster. Some of our Germanophils twit Mr. Hughes with not being an expert on Germany. That charge cannot be brought against M. de Broqueville, whose country knows, alas! too much of peaceful penetration by commerce, capture of public opinion by subsidisation, and political, educational, artistic, and musical espionage. And so Mr. Hughes from Australia and the Baron de Broqueville from Brussels agree exactly as to the Huns. Like all Belgians of the ruling class, de Broqueville is deeply grateful for British help, and is a warm admirer of the

steady improvement in our Army. But I had not come to ——— to discuss politics or to receive compliments. My desire was to revisit the soldiers with whom I had sojourned after their bloodily-contested retreat against overwhelming forces.

So after gaining a great deal of extremely interesting information which I do not propose to present to the Germans, and enquiring after Mme. de Broqueville, who has remained courageously at Brussels while her husband takes charge of his King's Government, I made my way by road to the enchanting little sixteenth-century scene where the brain of the Belgian Army is installed.

Army headquarters are very much the same everywhere, save as to their situation. General Wielemans, who is Chief of Staff of his Majesty the King, the Commander-in-Chief, has very capable advisers in General Biebuyck, Aide-de-Camp to the King, and General D'Orjo, M. de Broqueville's Chef de Cabinet. General Wielemans, who speaks English and knows England well, asked me what I should particularly like to see, and arranged that the next day I should be taken along the Belgian trenches by Colonel Detail, under Chief of Staff.

Though the shortest of the lines held by the Allies, the Belgian line is, in proportion to the free Belgian population, much the longest. It occupies a difficult and extremely uncomfortable position, for in no part of the war zone is the mud of Flanders blacker and deeper than in the Belgian trenches.

I told General Wielemans that what the English public would be interested to learn something about is the very efficient Belgian artillery which has rendered so excellent an account of itself. It is no secret that Belgian preparations were not such as Baron de Broqueville had for years urged, but in the matter of artillery the gallant

little army had acquired great proficiency, doubtless partly by reason of its association with those masters of the gun, the French. That the Belgians are well equipped with great cannon, big howitzers, 75's, and machine-guns, and that every gun has a plentiful supply of shells of every description is abundantly well known to Hans and Fritz on the other side of the inundations and elsewhere along the Belgian front.

I asked General Wielemans if he would allow me to take a quiet and unobtrusive seat in one of his batteries during such time as an artillery duel was timed to rage vigorously. He readily assented, and I was taken by M. de Lichtervelde and Colonel Detail to Lieutenant General de Ceunink, who, with Major-General Orth, after some consultation, found me at a considerable distance a particularly lively young artillery officer, whose four "pets," as he called them in English, were timed to perform that afternoon.

Our way lay through ruined sixteenth-century Flemish villages, where the churches in almost every case had been shelled to fragments and where also in almost every case the carved wooden Christ (often as not of the fervent Spanish type dating from Spanish times) remained, as by some miracle, untouched.

I was long loth to believe that the Germans selected churches as artillery objectives, but personal examination of more than 100 shelled towns proves it. And with the churches usually goes the churchyard; open coffins, shrouded corpses, and grinning skulls show that the modern Prussian takes as much pleasure in revealing the secrets of the grave as he does in the destruction of his enemy's wife and child.

In one of the small ruined towns we visited, three hundred of the population still remained, and will not

leave. An old, old man was bending over a little garden, a lusty young woman was scrubbing at a tub while her little son was playing with shell fragments. The whole district, every street and open place, was a series of gigantic *trous de marmites* (shell holes), filled with water, in one of which a couple of little people were sailing a paper boat. There were no guns or anything military whatever in the town, but it was being bombarded periodically by Germans, probably in reply to dexterous British artillery work at Ypres.

It is a thousand pities that expert kinematograph operators are not sent to these places to prove to the world that German warfare, especially in these later days of the conflict, is at least as much directed against the civil population as against the military. French gunners score a success in Champagne, and, in reply, the Germans throw asphyxiating shells into Reims, and so on in all the theatres of war.

I do not propose to give the least indication of the situation of the battery with which I spent some very interesting hours. The Huns have never found it, nor, indeed, any of the French or Belgian batteries I have entered. For the detective powers of the aeroplane observer have been countered by extraordinary ingenuity in concealment on the part of artillerymen.

There was the usual dog attached to it, some sort of mongrel that always seems to like to be with men in dangerous places. By an ingenious arrangement of barbed wire a nice large cage of starlings, finches, and sparrows, who did not in the least mind the guns, had been arranged; they were hopping merrily and eating well. A spring garden with crocuses and primroses had been planted.

The dug-outs had all sorts of amusing names; one was

called "The Virtuous Repose," and another, in English, "Home, Sweet Home." The captain in charge of the battery, who had been alongside and among the English in the early stages of the war and had picked up a good deal of English, which, like most Belgians, he liked to exercise, speedily explained the system on which he worked his 75's, for each of which he had a pet name. He showed me his map, with frequent aeroplane corrections in red ink, of the enemy's position in front of him. He demonstrated the extreme facility of the elevating and deflecting apparatus of his four favourites. He had not yet received his instructions as to what was to be the programme of his day's work. They would come by telephone from certain Headquarters. Meanwhile, I might like to go down into his "wine cellar" and see the excellent array of "bottles," as he called them.

We bent low and went deep, deep into the earth, and his electric torch revealed a fine display of shells. Some had been made in England. There were several types of shells and several kinds of fuzes. "Very good bottles indeed, *hein?*" he said in broken English.

We came above ground again and listened to the various forms of artillery that were to be heard around us. "Those," he said, asking me to listen to a continuous series of salvoes, "are your Englishmen. Plenty shells now." Miles away there was the deep roar of something big, reminding me of the voices of Verdun. "That," he remarked, "is Belgian howitzer." The men were smoking and waiting about, taking no notice whatever of the occasional burstings of German messages that threw up great clouds of mud.

Suddenly there came the ring of the telephone bell, taking one for the moment quickly back to London, but

carrying a very different message from that which one receives in one's office.

Instantaneously the men sprang down to their guns, and then I saw the marvellous working of these 75's, whose sharp bang, bang I have heard at so many points at the front. A quick order was shouted as to the direction and elevation, there was a slight pause, the little chamber and its Rembrandt-like faces were lit up for a moment as by the flame of a smithy, a roar came that was gentle after the earth-shaking at Verdun, and then silence till, kilometres away, we heard our shells bursting.

The gunners were waiting to hear the telephone report from the observer. Within a few seconds it was received—"Too short."

Another try. "Too far" came the verdict.

At the third shot came the report, "A hit," and then was revealed to me the magic of the 75.

The gun recoils so quickly that it can be stoked with shells and fired, in the hands of really trained gunners, with a speed most extraordinary to watch.

I remember well the first time that I saw a cannon fired in war. I did so with reluctance, not wishing to participate even by observation in the sending forth of that which would destroy life, or wound. But the spectacle of these smashed towns and babies' graves in France and Belgium has removed any sentimental nonsense of that kind from my conception of war, and so, knowing that these Belgian gunners were helping to weary and destroy the *moral* of an army that did not disdain to initiate gas poisoning, and the throwing of flame and even vitriol, I confess to enthusiastic rejoicing at this remarkable little organisation that is only one of hundreds the Belgians possess.

A good artillery battle reminds one very much of a

quick lawn-tennis volley, and in this matter of artillery reply the Latins certainly are speedier than the Huns.

A signal presently brought the order to cease fire from this particular battery, and immediately afterwards a little further down the line other voices spoke.

We made our way back through the mud to a distant highway, and then a long walk brought us to our motor, which was sheltered behind one of the few walls still remaining in that district.

At a very pleasant and simple Headquarters repast, Verdun, the English Fleet, and the latest wireless were discussed, and then every one went about his business. Army Headquarters have settled down to the regulation and prompt routine of all efficient business organisations. The improved Belgian Army, as regards the higher command, efficiency, equipment, cavalry, infantry, artillery, and transport is, like our own, the creation of nearly nineteen months of war, and it is said that war is the best school for war.

Nor are the medical arrangements of the Army neglected. Inspector-General Melis, who is well known in England, and is a hard-headed, practical man, had to deal with almost insuperable difficulties when the Germans seized practically the whole of the Belgian Red Cross *matériel* in their advance. He has excellent hospitals at various points that need not be mentioned, lest they tempt Hun gunners unduly. There is one little English hospital which I must not forget—the Belgian Field Hospital. Its windows rattle night and day with the vibration of the guns. Its career has been one of adventure, for it began life at Antwerp in September, 1914.

On the night I paid my respects the Belgian Field Hospital was quite full. I found an excellent Scotch doctor and matron, and a number of devoted nurses, who have

been with it since the day it started travelling across Belgium, during the time it was shelled out of Furnes, where I had seen it before, and throughout all its vicissitudes. The whole establishment is ready, if necessary, at any moment to move again.

Among the patients that day were a number who were desperately wounded by a very common form of accident. Souvenir rings from the trenches are being sought for all over the world. They are made of aluminum obtained from the German fuzes, and unexploded fuzes are the cause of numerous fatalities.

In every ward of this hospital, in every Belgian dugout, in every room I entered in the little part of Belgium that is now in Belgian hands, and on the table of the Minister of War and his General, are pictures of the heroic King and Queen, who are known by sight to every soldier in the army, and to whom the whole of this very efficient Belgian force is deeply devoted.

WARPLANES

WARPLANES

SOME OF THE TYPES

LIKE the modern machine-gun, and other war developments, the aeroplane began in the United States. The two brothers Wright, of Dayton, Ohio, were the men who revolutionised the business of war. I have often wondered if in the Wrights' early experiments at Kitty-hawk, N. Carolina, they realised to the full the tremendous weapon they were placing in the hands of the modern artilleryman.

I knew Wilbur Wright and saw some of the beginnings of aviation. Orville, the remaining brother, has behaved with great generosity to us in the disposal of the British patents. We have as yet accorded no national recognition to the Wrights, excepting the Albert medal of the Royal Society of Arts, which I had the great pleasure of presenting.

There are four purposes in the war to which the invention of those modest inventors has been put, and each purpose is in itself a revolutionary change in warfare. On the whole I should say that the direction of artillery fire is the chief result as yet attained by the use of the Wrights' invention. Artillery work has, of course, produced by far the greatest amount of damage on land since the war began. Without the aeroplane big guns would be of little use except against objects visible to the artilleryman. With the aeroplane, from which sig-

nals can be made either by wireless or by day-time electric heliographs, the artilleryman soon learns his errors, and, owing to the precision of modern weapons, can follow with amazing sureness the advice of the aeroplane observer.

The type of machine used for observing, like all the latest patterns of warplanes, is now armoured with steel in its most vulnerable parts and provided with a machine-gun in case it should be attacked. These observing aeroplanes should be able, as far as is yet possible, to hover in the air in order that the man with the telescope who sits in front or behind the pilot may be able to see as accurately as possible where the shells are falling. But the observing aeroplane has to be sufficiently rapid to escape the fighting plane that will most certainly be sent up after it as speedily as it is discovered.

A second type comprises the fighting planes.

These should be armed as heavily as possible, and it is no secret that the French are putting quite large cannon in aeroplanes. They may be managed by one, two or three men, and in certain types each of the men can be a combatant. In this matter of adapting aeroplanes to air-fighting the French, who speedily developed the Wrights' invention, took the lead.

Such machines are fitted with searchlights worked from dynamos driven by little windmills in the planes. They are provided with either a small cannon or one or two machine-guns, and the fighting man is further armed with a long-distance revolver. His work is the most dangerous in the war. It is a game for young men only and for the very pick of the human race as regards quickness, audacity, knowledge of engine, coolness, resource, and good shooting. Such a man must be prepared, if necessary, to dive head foremost one or two thousand feet at

the enemy. He is the man on whom we rely to kill the Zeppelins.

The early air duels were of slow movement. The battles of to-day resemble the swift flight of the swallow and the swoop of the hawk.

I am indebted to the French authorities for opportunity of close study of their machines and methods.

I have also seen something of the splendid work of our R.F.C. in France.

Air-fighting is changing so rapidly that the attempt at simplification of a complex and new arm may be out of date before the book is out of the hands of the binders.

The vital factor of the aeroplane—and this applies to all the four types with which I am dealing—is the engine, its capacity and weight. The heavier the engine, the slower the machine's ability to rise and the less gun-weight and ammunition and petrol it can carry.

A third type of aeroplane, which has attracted most attention but has not really been so important as the first and second types I have described, is the bomb-dropper. At the beginning of the war bomb-dropping was very effective, because the flyers, in the absence of efficient anti-aircraft artillery, were able to fly low and aim carefully at ammunition depots, railroad junctions, Zeppelin sheds, and other fairly large objects. Some of the early flying was done at merely six thousand feet from the ground. Anti-aircraft guns speedily caused the airmen to fly much higher, and to-day, at twelve to fifteen thousand feet, they have little chance of aiming with such degree of precision. They can hit a town, of course, but to damage a particular building in a town is more or less chance work. Flying at this height an aeroplane could perhaps hit Waterloo Station or the Stock Exchange dis-

trict, but it could not with certainty locate, let us say, a particular building like St. Paul's.

In addition to the height at which the machine must fly to avoid guns, there has to be a large allowance made for windage, and also recognition of the fact that the aeroplane itself is flying at from forty to fifty miles an hour while it is dropping the bombs. As a rule, the raids of bomb-droppers are now undertaken by twenty to thirty machines, which fly in the form of a wedge, with a leader in front. The bomb-droppers are often protected by fighting planes, though every bomb-dropper carries his own machine-gun for self-defence.

Almost the most interesting utilisation of the aeroplane is for photographic scouting. I well remember discussing the uses of the aeroplane with the brothers Wright, when, in reply to the criticism of some one present as to the danger of scouting by aeroplane, they pointed out that, after all, one aeroplane would be able to do more scouting than a whole squadron of cavalry. Events have proved that they were more than right, because the scouting aeroplane carries with it not only human eyes but the eyes of a camera, and in no department of war work has there been greater progress during the last few months than in photography by aeroplane. At the headquarters of each army are large plans of the opposing enemy trenches and also of suspected gun positions. These are corrected at regular intervals, when the weather is suitable, by photographs taken with telescopic lenses, these photographs being speedily developed, printed, enlarged, and used for bringing up to date our knowledge of the enemy line.

To deceive the aeroplane observers each side resorts to all kinds of tricks. There are dummy guns that ac-

tually fire, and, of course, there are endless ordinary dummy guns of wood.

A use to which the aeroplane has not yet been effectively put is sea observation. The British Navy has aeroplanes and seaplanes, and excellent ones too—all the navies of the world have aeroplanes—but these cannot leave, or return, to water in rough weather. Experiments have been tried in the United States, France, and England for starting aeroplanes from ships. There is a fruitful field for the inventor who can perfect this scheme, not on paper but in practice. An aeroplane can fly in almost any weather. A Zeppelin or other airship is at the mercy of the wind. The man who *perfects* a means of releasing an aeroplane from a battleship and providing for its safe return in any weather in which ships can fight will achieve a revolution in sea warfare as important as the aeroplane has created in war on land.

THE WAR DOCTORS

THE WAR DOCTORS

THEIR WORK UNDER FIRE

Among the first forces mobilised by the Germans at the end of July, 1914, were the kinematographers and the artists. The German Empire has therefore a complete pictorial record of the war from its earliest days. We have lately begun to use the kinematograph. And we have also started to enshrine by colour and canvas the lives of our men. Now that we have sent out some of our best painters the War Doctor should be among the first of the men at the front to be made known and perpetuated.

We are so accustomed to consider doctors as part of our daily lives, or as workers in speckless and palatial hospitals, that we have hardly yet visualised the man who shares the hell of the front trench with the fighters, armed only with two panniers of urgent drugs, instruments, and field dressings, his acetylene lamp and electric torch. Most of us think of his war work as being accomplished at one of the great healing places at the base.

If there be degrees of chivalry, the highest award should be accorded to the medical profession, which at once forsook its lucrative practices in London, or Melbourne, or Montreal, in a great rally of self-sacrifice. The figures of the casualties among them bring home to those who have only the big hospital idea of the war doc-

tor, sad facts that should lead to due understanding of this not sufficiently known but veritable body of Knights in the Great Crusade. During three months in the Royal Army Medical Corps *alone*—I account them according to the figures published in *The Times* from day to day—these medical service casualties were:—

Officers Killed	53
" Wounded	208
" Missing	4
N.C.O.'s and Men (R.A.M.C. only):	
Killed	260
Wounded	1,212
Missing	3

I propose to set down the order in which our medical service arranges its chain of responsibility, premising my account by the statement that the medical army of to-day exceeds numerically the whole British military forces overseas before the outbreak of war.

It is a little difficult and complex to explain. I find that there is some confusion in the public mind as to the regimental work, that of the Royal Army Medical Corps, and their handmaidens the British Red Cross Society and Order of St. John. But there is no confusion or overlapping in the zone of hostilities.

In the preparations for the great Battle of the Somme, Sir Douglas Haig, thorough in this as in every other detail, himself co-operated with the medical services in arranging his regimental aid posts, his casualty clearing stations, and the rest of them as systematically as his batteries, his ammunition "dumps," and his reserves.

First in the order of danger is the Regimental Aid Post, where the regimental doctor, with his stretcher-

bearers, awaits, alongside the men who are to clamber "over the top," the bloody fruits of battle. In the early days of the war, before we had discovered the secret, or had the means, to blast our road into Germany by ceaseless shells, the Regimental Aid Post was, as a rule, in some deserted farmhouse as near to the front trench as possible. To-day, as we advance, our guns leave nothing standing, so that what was once perhaps a château is now only a stretch of rubble. There is therefore but little available cover for the doctors or the others before "consolidation."

The intensity of the French and German artillery at Verdun in March seemed to me then the limit of human capacity to produce noise and destruction. But the Somme bombardment actually furrowed or flattened all before it. Verdun itself could not exist a week if exposed to this fearful French and British cannonade. Its volume of sound is so great that at times the very earth shakes beneath one's feet.

The doctor has to-day probably only the shelter of one of our own trenches or any little part that may remain of a captured German trench. There is no other covering for him and his brave stretcher-bearers, who are at once his nurses and his orderlies. Happily not so many of these are fired upon by the enemy as heretofore; for, as the Prussians have realised that our artillery is the most deadly thing in the history of war, they have become a good deal more reasonable and human. Now that their own wounded greatly outnumber ours on almost every occasion, their doctors and stretcher-bearers often advance with a sheet or towel held high on a rifle as a flag of truce in order that they may collect their wounded and we ours. In the early days of the war similar suggestions on our part were

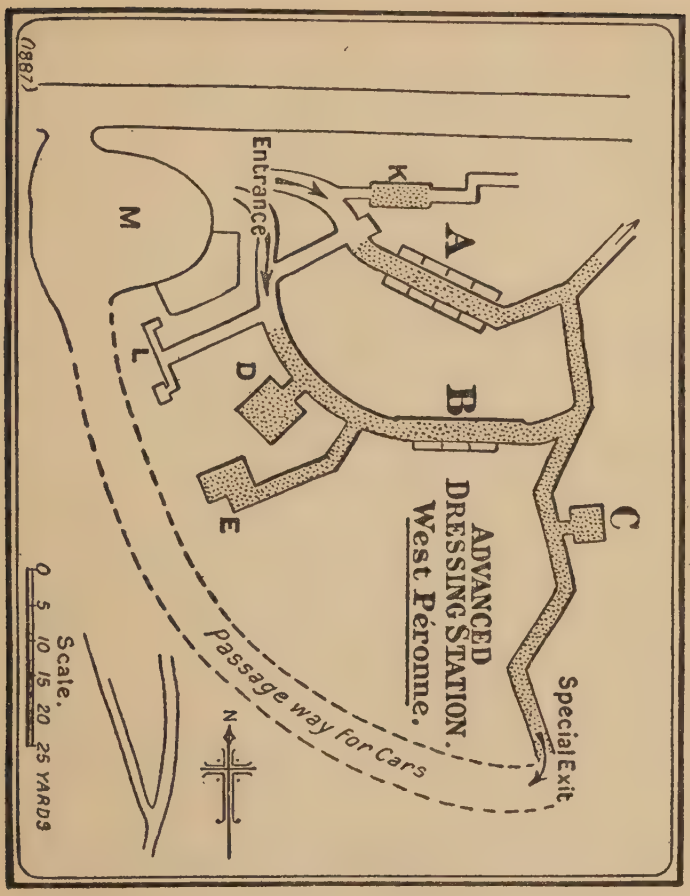
haughtily and contemptuously refused. And so the advanced medical forces on both sides are at last sparing the wounded a good deal of the drawn-out horrors of "No Man's Land."

The fine young men with the English, Scotch, Irish, Canadian, and Australian accents who stand unarmed in these Regimental Aid Posts work with an intensity and celerity which eclipse even that of the surgeons in London's operating theatres.

The stretcher-bearers stagger in with their load. There is a lightning diagnosis, an antiseptic application, bandaging, a hastily-written label tied to the man's breast, and the wounded one is borne off and away in the open to the next stage, the Advanced Dressing Station, which is as often as not also pushed right up into the fire zone. The regimental stretcher-bearers therefore begin again another dangerous pilgrimage rearwards.

As there is much ignorance in the public mind on the subject of casualties, it should be well realised that by far the greater proportion of our wounded are slightly hit, and are "walking cases," so little hurt that in innumerable instances where the stretcher-bearers themselves have fallen they have been carried by the slightly wounded soldiers.

I know no more moving experience than an afternoon in an advanced dressing station. Let me describe that of West Péronne. Its location is changed now, so I am giving the enemy no information. We reached it on a heavy and sultry Sunday afternoon by hiding ourselves behind anything possible. Dust and smoke gave the atmosphere of a coming thunder-storm, the thudding of the guns on both sides was incessant. Now and then was heard the brisk note of a machine-gun, which sounds for all the world like a boy rasping a stick along palings



or the rattle which policemen carried in Mid-Victorian days.

There was no sign of anything in the nature of a hospital, a tent, or of anything above ground. I was getting somewhat weary of being told to lie down flat every

few seconds to avoid bursting shells, when I saw a couple of stretcher-bearers coming through the haze as from nowhere and then disappear underground. "It is underneath *there*," I was told by my guide, whose daily duty it was to inspect these medical outposts.

As quickly as possible we got down into a trench and followed the stretcher-bearers. There, in darkness lit by a few candles, we gradually made out a very grim scene. Talking was difficult, for one of our batteries had just come into action a few yards away.

Owing to the heavy enemy shell fire, what I soon found to be an underground maze—a plan of which appears on page 215—had become completely blocked with wounded men lying in the dark on their stretchers, the passage ways dug out of the clayish earth being just the width of a stretcher handle and no more. We trod gently from stretcher handle to stretcher handle over the silent men, some of them asleep with the blessed morphia in their brains, others cheerily smiling, others staring as wounded men do. All who could move a hand had a cigarette—now admitted to be the first need of all but the very dangerously wounded.

Passing on, and using our electric torch as little as possible, so as not to disturb the sleepers, we came to the main dressing room. Remember it was all underground, all dark, and that the oncoming wail of approaching shells, with immediate subsequent explosions, was continuous.

In this main dressing room the doctors, all young men, some of them subalterns of the R.A.M.C., were washing and bandaging with the care and speed that can be seen in the War films. I counted twenty-four patients in that small chamber. We crept onward and came to another room where there were nine cases, and again

to a smaller one where lay the more dangerously wounded.

These dressing rooms were protected by some four or five feet of earth above them. There was a small officers' mess and a medical storeroom, which were merely shielded by corrugated iron from shrapnel splinters, a kitchen, an office, and that was about all. An operation for tracheotomy was taking place in one of the dressing rooms.

In all my many experiences abroad I have never seen a more touching sight than this little underground gathering of some seventy men, devoted doctors and assistants, waiting amidst the incessant shelling until the overcrowded maze could be evacuated. Let those who take their ease on a Sunday afternoon, or any other afternoon, realise that this same scene never ceases. Let those who consider that they are amply doing their "bit" by keeping things going at home be grateful that their "bit" is not as that of these young men. We cannot all of us share the danger, but we can every one of us admit the harsh inequalities of our respective war work.

One or two of the patients were shell-shock victims, and it was piteous to note their tremor at the approaching shell wails and subsequent thuds just outside our little catacomb.

The plan appearing on page 215 gives a suggestion of the ingenuity with which the R.A.M.C. officers have converted a bit of an old German trench-work to the purposes of an underground hospital and home for the doctors and their assistants.

The shelling increased in intensity. It became obvious that we had to remain concealed till the storm had ceased. In the intervals we discussed things about

wounded men. We learned that quite a considerable proportion of them had dressed their own wounds with the little first field dressing that is sewn into the tunic of every soldier. Others had got along well enough with the medical help of regimental stretcher-bearers. The rest had been tended at the Regimental Aid Posts to which I have referred.

Presently the Germans diverted the attention of their gunners to another point of the line, and we were able to emerge into daylight once more and join a small company of lightly wounded and stretcher-bearers on their way to a Walking Wounded Collecting Station. I name all these distinct stages in the progress of the wounded man in order to show how carefully the system has been thought out and organised. It is a tribute to the foresight of our medical authorities that all this vast scheme had been arranged before the war.

On our way rearwards to the Walking Wounded Collecting Station we were passed by some horse-ambulances which, summoned by telephone, were proceeding to the underground hospital we had just left. On our way we escaped the only enemy aeroplane attack that came to my notice during this visit to the front. An officer and a few men were wounded. It speaks eloquently for the celerity with which our casualties are cleared when I tell you that on the same evening, many miles away in the rear, I saw this particular wounded officer sitting in bed nonchalantly enjoying his dinner. By the next day, I was told, he would probably be in England.

The Walking Wounded Collecting Station consisted of marquees in which a considerable number of Tommies of all dialects were partaking of a hearty meal. As

each arrived his name and regimental number were entered, with particulars of his case. Where necessary his dressings were re-arranged, and in every case a cigarette was offered. Prodigious quantities of tea, cocoa, soup, bread, butter and jam were disappearing. Despite the bandaged heads and arms of some and the limping of others, they were a merry, if tired, party. Eagerly and in vigorous and unprintable Anglo-Saxon one of them said: "I want to have another smack at the —— Allemans." In a tent was a wounded officer, famous in the world of big game (scarred as the result of a miraculous escape from an African elephant), who, though covered with blood, had only one anxiety, and that was to have his wound dressed, get a bath, and return to his men in time for the next "stunt"—to use an American expression which has grown fixedly into our war language. Two days before, this Walking Wounded Collecting Station had been shelled by the enemy. By a strange stroke of fortune the only victims were a large number of German prisoners.

Life is held gaily and cheaply in these advanced hospitals. There was a small underground chamber here fitted with bunks as on shipboard, in which the officers could sleep if they chose, but they did not seem to be particular whether they used it or not.

We shared the soldiers' meal, listened to their stories —each one of them a full adventure in peace time—and continued basewards, accompanied by motor ambulances in which sitting cases were carried, to a great Corps Collecting Station, a veritable Clapham Junction of the evacuating system.

To prevent mistakes, each man's label is checked at every point he arrives at with as much care as a registered letter on its way through the post. There is no

Red Tape, and nothing is left to chance. There is no lost time. It is never forgotten that pain is ever present and that saving time may mean saving life. But even though we have not yet come to that link in the chain—the hospital which is kept neat and burnished by the hand of woman—all is well arranged and spotlessly clean. Many dressings were being re-examined and many wounds again attended to.

Here I saw the field operating theatre nearest to the battle. It was in a spotless tent with a table, a powerful acetylene lamp, chloroform, and instruments—all ready. Operations in the field are a rare exception in the British Army. The matter of their necessity has been discussed and re-discussed. There are arguments for and against. But Sir Arthur Sloggett, General Macpherson, and the famous surgeons we have at the front, with Sir Alfred Keogh at home, may be relied upon to know their business to the tips of their fingers. In other armies, notably the Italian, urgent operations take place in what answer to our Advanced Dressing Stations. An Italian officer said to me: "We should not do it unless we had to. Many of our cases would not stand transport from our Alpine heights."

Resuming our journey with the ambulances, we came, after an hour's halting journey through the dust and the A.S.C. convoys to a Casualty Clearing Station—the first hospital of a kind visualised by the general public.

I have discovered from their conversation that very few people realise the intricate nature of the net spread by the R.A.M.C. over the field of war. The meshes are many—but not too many. An important part of the net are these very perfect clearing establishments. The description of two will be sufficient.

One of these Clearing Stations was a large old water-mill which had been transformed into a most beautiful hospital. I reached it in time to witness the arrival of the ambulances. Out of them came all manner of wounded, British and German. Friend and foe were treated alike. They were just wounded men—that was all. Such as could walk by themselves or with the help of orderlies, came out dazed into the sunlight from the ambulances. The Germans, who had for days been trench-bound by our barrage, were, as a rule, horribly dirty and impossible to approach for physical reasons. Later, at another hospital I saw gently-born V.A.D. nurses washing great unbathed wounded Prussians and Bavarians. I felt positively guilty when I thought of the chaff with which the V.A.D. movement, its uniforms and salutings, was received ten years ago in the bad old days when we ought to have been preparing for war.

Here, in this mill Casualty Clearing Station, the broken soldiers came for the first time under the influence and gentle touch and consoling smile of women nurses. Many of the men had been in and about the firing line for weeks, several of the Germans for longer than that. I talked with some of the enemy who had arrived a day or two before in what must have seemed a fairy palace. Some spoke of the care, kindness, good food, flowers, and music (the gramophone never stops) which were provided. As a rule they are grateful—at any rate at first. Some are very grateful. One officer used the word "lovingly" (liebvoll), and "lovingly" it must seem, for nothing is more marked in inspecting German hospitals, even such an establishment as the Rudolf Virchow Hospital in Berlin, than to notice the roughness of the surgery, the callousness shown in

making remarks before patients, and the inferiority of the under-trained nurses.

Some are not grateful and, like the pampered civilians at the Alexandra Palace, think it necessary to place on record complaints based on mere hostility.

This Casualty Clearing Station, placid with its river, with its sunny gardens—into which many beds had been carried so that the wounded might enjoy the birds, the flowers, and trees—seems like an oasis after the grim desolation of the wilderness of the Somme heights.

It is impossible to convey in words the amazing tireless activity of the nurses and doctors. I did not know that human beings could work so many hours without sleep at the most anxious kind of work the world provides. No wonder that the women sometimes break down and require hostels and rest homes. Yet during a number of war visits I have not met with one complaint from any member of any medical staff in the field or elsewhere. There is, on the other hand, the same continuous enthusiasm throughout the medical service as one sees in the great boot factory at Calais, in the vast motor repair shop in Paris, or our transport from Havre to the Front. The stimulus of war seems to double the energy of every human being as soon as he lands in France.

At this great Casualty Clearing Station by the railway the hospital trains were collecting. When we had been shown through the cool tents and had talked with men we happened to know, we went on to the newly made railway platform where the stretchers were being assembled. It was a scene almost of gaiety. The gramophone was playing the inevitable "If You Were the Only Girl in the World." Jokes, cigarettes, and newspapers were passed about. The men looked the acme

of content in their beautiful white train. They were willing and anxious to chat. They were interested in all that was going on, and grateful. Many might be going to "Blighty" (Britain), the paradise of the wounded man's imagination.

I do not know whether any one has written an account of these trains, the doctors and nurses who live in them year in and year out, travelling thousands of miles in the course of a twelvemonth, but some one should do so. My own information is as yet so scanty as to be little worth reading.[1] Of the wonderful hospital barges, too, which, whenever possible, are used on the wide French rivers and canals to carry cases that cannot stand any shaking, not enough has been said.

It was interesting at the Clearing Station to see evidence of the Red Cross Society in the existence of the comfortable English beds of many of the sufferers. In the world of wounded all sorts of little things have an importance not understood by the generality of us. A man likes to lie in bed rather than on a stretcher not merely for the sake of custom and comfort. Such is human nature that one man feels proud of having a bed when another man has not.

The train took away all in a fit condition for travel, leaving behind such cases as those of serious chest, abdominal, and head wounds in the care of surgeons.

On a later day I saw the arrival of one such train at one of those hospitals which look out on the sea and are situated on the Northern French coast, which long before the war was recognised as a great healing place. The medical journals tell their readers in their own language of these wonderful hospitals—converted casinos

[1] I have since read with interest a remarkable record, "The Diary of a Nursing Sister" (William Blackwood and Sons).

and hotels and miles of perfectly-equipped huts. Our hospitals in France are a world of their own. I do not know how many women and men they employ, but I should say more than one hundred thousand. In the Etaples district alone there are 35,000 beds. Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Newfoundland, India, and the whole of the Empire have given with both hands.

Those of the wounded who can be made well quickly enough—and these are, of course, the immense majority —go back to their war duties at the front, some eagerly, all without murmuring. As they lie there in these wonderful huts, in which every provision for speedy convalescence, for happiness, and reasonable amusement are afforded, tended as they are by the best surgeons and physicians of the English-speaking world, and by ladies simply and gently born, they all tell you the same story —they would like to get a glimpse of "Blighty" before going back again to fight.

I went on board one of the white hospital ships, marked against submarines on each side with a huge red cross, to see them going home. Arriving on the quay in the British Red Cross and St. John ambulances, and gently carried, with the peculiar, slightly swaying walk of the trained stretcher-bearer, they pass on to the ship and descend in lifts to the particular deck on which is their cot or bed. There can be nothing of the kind in the world better than these speedy, perfectly lit and ventilated vessels.

Once on board, and yet another stage nearer "Blighty" and the beloved ones, all are contentment itself. Some of the less injured men were on deck singing merrily. Others of the wounded were discussing a newspaper article outlining a project for the settling of soldiers on land in the Dominions after the war. "Many will go to

Canada; some to Australia, I dare say," said one man; "but I am one of those who mean to have a little bit of 'Blighty' for myself. We see enough in France to know that a man and his family can manage a bit of land for themselves and live well on it."

I remember a similar conversation a year ago close to Ypres, when a young sergeant, who had been a gamekeeper at home and a working man Conservative, observed, "The men in the dug-outs talk of a good many subjects, but there is one on which they are all agreed. That is the land question. They are not going back as labourers, or as tenants, but as owners. Lots of them have used their eyes and learned much about small farming here."

As I watched the swift ship and saw her speeding away to England at well over twenty knots, I wondered if people and politicians at home are beginning to understand that the bravery and *camaraderie* of the officers and men in the field have broken down all class feeling; and that our millions of men abroad are changed communities of whose thoughts and aims we know but little.

Just as Grant's soldiers, the Grand Army of the Republic, dominated the elections in the United States for a quarter of a century, so will the men I have seen in the trenches and the ambulances come home and demand by their votes the reward of a very changed England—an England they will fashion and share; an England that is likely to be as much a surprise to the present owners of Capital and leaders of Labour as it may be to the owners of the land.

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING

THE SEARCH FOR THE MISSING

In the earliest days of the War a beloved only son was missing, and his mother asked *The Times* if it could use its organisation in Paris to search the battlefields for news of him. One of the members of the French staff of the newspaper spent some three weeks in a vain endeavour to obtain definite information. That, I believe, was the first systematic attempt at what has now grown to be a very important branch of Red Cross work.

Shortly afterwards Lord Robert Cecil went to Paris, and I remember finding him busily at work in a small room in the Hotel Iena. The Department inaugurated by Lord Robert has now become one of the many useful branches of Red Cross work. Lord Robert early set the example of thoroughness for which the department is known, for he himself went out personally to search cottages and châteaux for men who might have been carried there for treatment, and to discover, if possible, the whereabouts of the graves of the fallen.

The news of this errand of mercy which the Red Cross Society was speeding travelled swift and far, and soon the calls made upon the staff available threatened to overwhelm it. The small effort, it was clear, must be extended—for the idea of abandoning it was not entertained. So larger premises were secured and branches were opened in Boulogne and other suitable places, and a central office was organised in London. Here a large number of charitably minded people laboured to carry

on the great mass of work which waited upon their efforts. So fast did the organisation grow that the original accommodation proved quite inadequate. Lord Salisbury, Lord Robert Cecil's brother, then provided larger quarters at his London home, and in February, 1915, the staff was transferred there.

In July, however, more room had become necessary, and then the Duke of Norfolk placed the first floor of his residence, Norfolk House, at the disposal of the workers. A month later this space was inadequate. Finally, Lord Astor lent his house in Carlton House Terrace, and there the organisation is now housed. The prisoners' department has been constituted now as a separate system.

These quick changes of home reveal clearly how strong a hold upon the public imagination the new work obtained, and how eager all those who had ceased to hear from their friends in France, or who knew that their friends were among the missing, were to avail themselves of help. They reveal also how thoroughly the organisation won the public trust, how efficient it was even at the beginning, and how great a want was supplied by it.

The principle of working had, of course, to be evolved, and the difficulties encountered in the course of this work were very many. The first searchers found themselves with a list of names, and with the whole of war-wracked France in which to search for those men. How were they to begin to search? Where were they to go? The armies were fully engaged in battles upon the issue of which hung the fate of Europe; men had small leisure to spare for seeking for fallen comrades.

It was seen that the first step must be to tap the resources of the hospitals. Members of the first little

party with which Lord Robert Cecil was identified began to try to gain news of the missing by questioning the wounded. Sometimes this method led to nothing, but frequently a man would be found who had known the lost soldier and marked his fate. In those cases the anxieties aroused were answered at once, and fears and hopes set at rest; in these cases, too, an indication was given as to where the soldier had fallen, if he was dead, so that steps could be taken to mark his burial place.

This identification of graves was carried on until the end of 1914, when it ceased to be part of the duty of the department, the War Office having appointed a Graves Registration Commission under Brigadier-General Fabian Ware. A close connexion, however, subsists between the Commission and the Red Cross Department.

It was an obvious step from this to instal "watchers" in all hospitals. These watchers were given lists of names of missing men, and it was their duty to ask new patients if they knew of anything of these men, to note down their answers and to forward them to headquarters.

On my last visit to Boulogne I spent a morning examining the organisation of a hospital ship, and was especially attracted to the work of a searcher—a Roman Catholic priest, the member of a well-known family—who, note-book in hand, was interrogating group after group of the lightly wounded on their way to "Blighty." He very kindly showed me the result of his morning's work, and it occurred to me then that the public might care to read a selection of these war dramas in miniature. At the end of this chapter I have appended a few that tell their own story, in the official language of the reporter, and also in the simple words of the bereaved.

This system formed the backbone of the whole organ-

isation, and upon this system the organisation is based at the present day. As a system it has been brought to great perfection; every fragment of information is collected; the information is sent out in language which can be understood by the least educated and by those who are bewildered by sorrow. Moreover, testimonials to the daring and devotion of the fallen are gathered, to their endurance under suffering, and to the manner in which their comrades risked and even lost their lives to save them from suffering, death or captivity. No letter, however trivial, remains unanswered; no enquiry, however difficult, is neglected.

Some of the tributes sent by comrades are documents of strange appeal.

"Lieutenant ——" wrote a private in his regiment, "was acting fine. The regiment went on about 20 yards from where he fell and took cover. Private —— got permission to go back to him and take his identity disk and his revolver."

"Your brother," wrote another soldier, "was a grand officer; his men would have followed him anywhere. He fell in the thick of it." And an officer wrote of one of his men, "He was a hero; he was an example to all of us." It is not difficult to understand how these simple expressions written by comrades who have shared the same dangers bring a measure of consolation to the fathers and mothers of our heroic dead.

Each enquiry is filed separately and becomes soon a *dossier;* the moment any piece of information is received by the Bureau it is transmitted to the friends of the soldier. These *dossiers* are human documents of rare interest which none can read unmoved; they reveal, too, in convincing fashion the extraordinary amount of care and thought which is expended upon the work of tracing

and searching for the missing. Indeed in this organisation is to be found the newest and noblest form of detective enterprise, as full of thrills and surprises, of close deductive reasoning and resourceful cleverness as the memoirs of Sherlock Holmes.

Here, for example, is a case selected at random from among the hundreds, nay thousands, which have been filed. The missing man may be called Private Smith. On the 1st of October, 1915, the Bureau received the following letter concerning him:—

> I should feel most thankful to you if you could possibly trace any news of my dear son reported "Missing" at the Dardanelles in August. I have tried myself but failed.

The enquiry was put in hand at once, and Private Smith's name added to the hospital lists. But on December 13th the desired information was still lacking. Nevertheless it was possible to report:—

> Private Roberts now in hospital abroad states that about 3 days after the landing they were advancing across a plain to go to the first line trenches when the Turks opened fire on them. Our informant was with your son until they had crossed the plain but did not see him fall. The stretcher-bearers never found him, and it was probable, therefore, that he had crawled into the long grass and so got out of sight. If this account is accurate it seems to suggest that your son has been made a prisoner by the Turks, and in this hope and belief we are continuing to make every possible enquiry with regard to the matter, and will at once com-

municate with you if any further or more reassuring news comes to hand.

The reply to this letter shows how much relief it brought to the boy's mother; she wrote:—

I received your welcome letter. I am very grateful to you. I can assure you I shall wait very anxiously for any fresh news of my dear son, who seems to have been spirited away from me.

The next letter the mother received was dated December 22nd. It ran:—

We have received information stating that Private X., who was taken to X Hospital, would be able to give you information about your son.

Then on January 4th, the Bureau wrote further:—

We have received another report which tends to confirm the possibility of your son having been taken prisoner by the Turks. Private Y states as follows:—"I was a machine-gun driver. We were ordered to advance, to take up a fresh position in the centre at Suvla Bay. The sergeant and Smith got too far. Two were wounded and the gun and two tripods were lost, and we were ordered to retire. The ground which was open was occupied by the Turks. I went out again by daylight, and also by night, but could find no trace of the sergeant or Smith. I believe they were taken prisoners. I knew Smith well; he came from ——, was of medium height, and clean-shaven."

The evidence seemed now to be tending to the prisoner of war theory, but still a great load of anxiety lay on the mother's mind. After seeing her son's friend in hospital and receiving this letter, she wrote: "It seems a number of people saw him up to a certain point and then missed him, which leaves a terrible doubt as to whether he was killed or taken prisoner."

Confirmation of the reports already given was received in February in the shape of another statement, but the Bureau added: "Up to the present, however, we have not been able to obtain confirmation of these statements either from the list of prisoners which have reached us so far from Turkey, or from any other source."

This letter was acknowledged with deepest thankfulness. Then came a bitter blow in the shape of another statement.

> They were nearly surrounded. Two were known to have been killed. One of them was missing at the time, but was found two months later in Malta. I believe he had been left for dead, but eventually crawled into the Cheshire lines. Another was said to have been wounded in the wrist, but has disappeared and so has Smith.

The outlook was now black indeed. In April, after receiving a further statement, the Bureau wrote to the soldier's mother:

> We are afraid that there is now little chance of your son being a prisoner, as we should have expected to have received his name in some of the lists which have reached us from Turkey. If, however, there are any other enquiries you would like us

to make for you, you have only to let us know. In the meantime we beg once again to assure you of our deep sympathy in the matter.

No definite information perhaps, but how much better than the utter silence which had baffled the seeker before the Red Cross came to her help. At least she was able to picture the last hours of her gallant boy and to be with him in spirit during the moments of his devotion and sacrifice. Nor did the tragic courage of the words in her last letter to the Bureau "I am hoping still" express in any degree a diminution of the gratitude which she felt and acknowledged.

Many of these *dossiers,* unhappily, tell only a story of sorrow; there are other cases, however, in which the miracle longed for so eagerly actually happens, and the lost one is discovered. But it must be remembered that appeal is not made to the Bureau until the official sources have been carefully canvassed and other means have failed. In other words, the enquiry in most cases is directed to discovering either in what circumstances a man came by his death, or whether it is possible that he may be a prisoner of war.

Another case, which affords a good illustration of the kind of work being carried on day by day, was first brought to the Bureau's notice in April of this year by a report from the War Office that Sergeant James was missing. "Anything," wrote his wife in asking for help, "would be better than this awful suspense."

Some fifteen days later the Bureau was in possession of information which left little or no doubt that the poor fellow was killed. "An officer," they wrote, "says that during the unsuccessful attack on ——, as he himself lay wounded on the ground, Sergeant James came

up and spoke to him; and that instant the sergeant was very badly wounded in the chest. The officer feared at the time that your husband was killed, but just at this moment the retreat was ordered and the fallen were left on the spot." Further, a private gave the same account and adds that "from the sudden way in which your husband fell he was instantly killed. It was," he declares, "within 10 yards of the German lines about 4 a.m., and bright moonlight. I saw him plainly; he was my own sergeant."

The poor wife, to whom the names of the informants were given, verified the story herself in a few days, and wrote to the Bureau:

> Words simply cannot express my thanks for the kindness and attention you have taken on my behalf. I am indeed grateful. I am positively sure that if it had not been for you I should still be suffering in suspense.

A certificate of her husband's gallantry was afterwards sent to her.

The gratitude of these stricken men and women for the help given them is one of the most wonderful features of this work. It is equalled in its beauty only by the courage and resignation which are displayed. A poor wife who was unable to obtain exact information wrote:

> I am broken-hearted at having to confess that I have tried my very best to find him and have failed. So I shall have to place all my trust in our Heavenly Father and wait. When the war is over he may come back to me along with others of our dear,

> brave men whose wives and mothers have not allowed their fears to quench their hope. I thank you with all my heart, and I pray that God will be with you and the good work you are doing.

Even more touching is this cry of pain, stifled in the uttering: "I am very grateful; but, oh it is a bitter end to the long, long hoping." And this: "We accept, knowing that he did his duty."

The desire for assurance that the dead man has found a grave, and that his grave is being tended, is also constantly being expressed, and there is a whole world of pathos in the reply of a mother who had received a description of her son's burial place. "We are all glad to know that he lies comfortable."

It is an inspiring thought that this splendid work of seeking is carried out almost entirely by voluntary means. How much the success of it is due to Lord Robert Cecil's early work has already been indicated.

It has sometimes been asked why this work is carried out by an agency like the Red Cross and not by the War Office itself. The answer is, clearly, that no department of State could hope to touch the human chord which gives this work its greatest value. It would be wrong to expect an already overworked War Office to busy itself collecting small personal details, yet it is just these details for which all those who have suffered the great loss yearn so wistfully. That they should have this comfort is surely beyond all dispute. Who, for example, would deny to a mother a letter like this?

> We called him "Tom"; he was a dear good fellow. It happened on the left. I saw him fall. So far as I could see, it was all over. He himself said,

"I am done for; go on, lads." The ground where this happened was in our possession when I left.

Indeed, the mother's reply furnishes the complete justification for the work being accomplished. "We have heard nothing more from the War Office; only that he was wounded and missing, and but for your help and kindness we should still be waiting in suspense."

Here are some complete *dossiers:*

THE DOSSIER OF PTE. J. L. D—— OF THE 2ND BLACK WATCH

I.

28th July, 1916.

Could you possibly find out for me the fate of enclosed soldier, Pte. J. L. D——, 2nd Black Watch, Indian Expeditionary Force? He was wounded on January 21st in the Persian Gulf. I am enquiring for the family.

M—— H——. (Lady H.)

II.

11th August, 1916.

We have only received one report as to the above, which we now send on to you though we consider it most unlikely to be true, as Pte. D——'s name is not in any list of Turkish prisoners yet received. The report comes from Pte. J. R. ——, and Black Watch, and is as follows:

"On 21st January, 1916, in Mesopotamia I saw D—— in the Turkish 1st line captured, but trying

to get away and calling out, so that he is probably a prisoner of war. The English took the position, but had to retire for lack of reinforcements."

We are continuing enquiries in the hope of gaining more satisfactory information.
To Lady H——.

III.

26th September, 1916.

It is with great pleasure that we can now send you the news that Pte. D—— is a released prisoner of war and has been invalided to India. We had heard nothing beyond the report sent to you on the 11th August, which we hesitated to believe. This good news has come to us from Basra to-day.

Letters to Pte. D—— should be addressed with full regimental particulars, c/o "Casualties," Bombay, and the envelope should be marked in the corner "Exchanged Prisoner of War."

We shall be greatly obliged if you will let us know whether Pte. D——'s relatives had had any intimation that he was a prisoner of war, and whether he had been able to communicate with them. Such knowledge, if you can kindly supply it, may be of the greatest assistance to us in comforting other anxious relatives.
To Lady H——.

IV.

9th October, 1916.

Pte. D——'s friends have not heard from him at all, so that they were very grateful for your let-

ter and his address. Thank you so much for your kind help.

Yours truly,

M—— H——.

V.

13th October, 1916.

Lady H—— has made enquiry about my husband, Pte. J. L. D——, 2nd Black Watch. I am very pleased to here the news of him. I heard from the Office at Perth that he was a released Pris. of War, and the 2nd of Oct. I heard again that he as a gunshot wound in the head and heel, and he is at Colaba War Hospital, Bombay, India. I should like to here from him. I have only had one card from him since he was wounded, and that was to say he was at Bagdad. The last letter he wrote was the 16th of Jan. and he was wounded on the 21st Jan. so its nine months he has been wounded I do hope he is getting better I have only seen him once in the two years and I have lost my Brother and Father since he as been away so I have had a great worry and I have three little chieldren so I do hope he will be spared to see them again. I wonder if he is too ill to write as I have not heard from him, and do you think he would be able to come home if he is well enough and would you be able to let me know if he is badly wounded as I am very anxious to know after such a long time. I should be greatly oblige.

E. D——.

VI.

16th October, 1916.

Your letter of the 13th crossed ours to Lady H——. Probably by this time you will have re-

ceived the very cheering account of your husband which we have sent to her for you. We told her that we had received a report through the War Office that Pte. D—— was in Colaba War Hospital, Bombay, that his wound was healed and his condition good.

This will comfort you very much as he is evidently progressing really well. We do not know what his movements will be, but if we should hear at any time that he has left India, we will let you know.

With many congratulations,
To Mrs. E. D——.

The Dossier of Flight Sub-Lieutenant C. G., of the Royal Naval Air Service.

I.

July 18th, 1916.

With reference to your enquiry for Flight Sub-Lt. C. G., Royal Naval Air Service, we have received the following report from Flight Sub-Lt. E——, now in hospital at Bombay, who states:—

"About the 20th April, G—— went up carrying food to Kut. He was attacked by a German machine. His observer was shot dead, and G—— had to land in Turkish trenches, and was made a Prisoner. The Turks sent for his valise and box to Orah and reported that he is well though slightly wounded."

We have not received Flight Sub-Lt. G——'s name on any Prisoners' List yet, but we will inform you as soon as we do so. Prisoners generally are not able to communicate with their relations for about the first four months.
To G. H. G., Esq.

II.

July 27th, 1916.

We beg to send you a further report which we have received about Mr. G——. Our informant, who is now in hospital at Alexandria, states:—

"I saw Mr. G—— start on the 24th to carry food to our chaps in Kut, taking with him as observer, Lt. F——, from the Norfolks. As they passed over the Turkish lines they were attacked by a Fritz (Turkish or German aeroplane), the observer was killed and Mr. G——, who was fired at continuously, was brought down. Either that day or the next, the Turks sent a message by Flag of Truce to Commander B—— that Mr. G—— was wounded and wanted his kit. Everything he had was accordingly sent up stream by motor boat to a place agreed on where the Turks met it. Commander B—— is now at Zanzibar, East Africa. The records have probably gone to England. Mr. G—— was a most enthusiastic pilot, and when he could would go over with food three or four times a day. It was no place for seaplanes, and I remember him saying the Turks would get him soon, before it actually happened."

This is a more detailed account than the last we sent you and tends to confirm that report, and we

very much hope that when we obtain full lists of the prisoners in the hands of the Turks we shall find his name in them.

Assuring you of our sincere sympathy in your anxiety.

III.

July 28th, 1916.

I beg to thank you for your letter of yesterday's date giving me much interesting information regarding my son, which has been communicated to you by A. J——, R.N.A.S. You have been most kind in all your efforts in my interest, and I tender my thanks to all those who work so unselfishly for others.

Will you please accept the enclosed £25 as a second donation to your funds from Mrs. E. M. G.?

Yours faithfully,
G. H. G——.

IV.

12. ix. 16.

I have much pleasure in informing you that Flight Lt. C. B. G—— has been released by the Turks.

He has cabled from Amara under date 10th September that he has been exchanged and is well in health.

Thanking you for your kind efforts on his behalf.

G. H. G——.

V.

September 14th, 1916.

We are so glad to hear that you have had a cable from your son, Flight Sub-Lieutenant C. G——, Royal Naval Air Service.

We have also heard from our Office at Basra and were on the point of writing to you to say that we had heard that he was an exchanged Prisoner of War from Bagdad, was quite well, and sailed for India in the Hospital ship *Varsova* on September 10th.

We do indeed congratulate you.

This, then, is a labour of love, belonging in its essence to Red Cross work as that work has come to be understood throughout our land. It is a labour which eases the sorest wounds of warfare and which indirectly brings great comfort to the fighting men themselves, many of whom are haunted by the fear of being numbered among the lost and so becoming a source of suffering to their friends.

The British soldier needs no advertisement, but it is not possible to close this chapter without placing on record the great help which all ranks of the Army give to the searchers for information about the missing. No trouble is grudged by these men if it is likely to help to relieve the burden of their comrades' womenfolk. The wounded in hospitals, indeed, seem to forget their own pains on the instant when this appeal is made to them. Many a sore heart owes its consoling to the action of these splendid fellows; and many a wife and mother

treasures to-day as a priceless heritage the letters written by them in memory of a fallen friend. "I thought perhaps you might like to hear"—the letters often begin, and the note of apology frequently runs all through them. It is the way of the British soldier; for within the breast of a hero he cherishes ever the heart of a little child.

NEUTRAL GLIMPSES

NEUTRAL GLIMPSES

THE GERMANS IN SWITZERLAND

I

Zurich, Switzerland.

On leaving Italy I spent some days in Switzerland *en route* for Spain, and was able to gather a good deal of miscellaneous information not without value.

At night, Zürich, the first large neutral city in which I have been since the beginning of the war, is as bright as London was in July, 1914. Rome, too, is bright, but over the Italian capital there is the indefinable atmosphere of war.

In coming up through the Swiss-Italian lakes, we were at once among German tourists. At Lugano we saw figures familiar enough before the war, the stout, elderly German husband, followed at a respectful distance by his wife in her atrocious *Reformkleid*. It was like going back years in one's life. In the train were Germans who talked loudly at us, and stared in the German way. The dining-car was filled with the usual German advertisements; rather amusingly some of them read to-day—the Hamburg-Amerika Line with an illuminated picture of one of Herr Ballin's ocean monsters on its way to New York!

It was near midnight when we reached Zürich. One remembers only the German voices, the electric brightness of the streets, and the familiar rushing of the river.

But it felt like Germany. Next morning, as we woke after delightful sleep induced by much journeying, the impression was for a moment that of a nightmare. Was it Germany, or was it not? On the floor, where it had been disrespectfully thrown over night, was the big eider-down *Federdecke*. At my right hand on the wall was a prominent notice in large German type:—

> *Die Zimmerpreise werden erhöht wenn keine der Hauptmahlzeiten im Hotel genommen wird, auch wenn der Preis vorher festgesetzt.*
>
> [The prices of rooms are raised if none of the principal meals are taken in the hotel, even if the price has been agreed upon.]

The waiter who brings the coffee speaks German only. Looking down into the sunny streets at seven in the morning, we see a German town alive and busy, new, spick and span, like most German cities. The *Städtische Strassenbahnen* are packed with business men. School children are pouring through the streets and across the squares. There are the little girls with spectacles, double pigtails and knapsacks; big boys with spectacles, socks, and bare legs; students with queer caps.

Zürich is efficient. It is obviously well managed. There are almost as many "Achtung" and "Verboten" signs as in Hanover itself. It is so efficient that the little people are dragged out of their beds and sent to school at seven in the morning—an hour when other little people in a less over-organised country are prattling and bathing as children should. At night they are still about at a very late hour.

All English people have a strange sensation when first walking through a German neutral town in war time. Little but German is heard. The old familiar "Delika-

tessen" and "Bier vom Fass" notices intensify the feeling. This part of German Switzerland, though by no means hostile towards individual Britons or, indeed, towards the Empire, is completely German. In Zürich the English traveller finds himself cheek by jowl with our chief enemy, for the *Reichsdeutsch* population of Zürich is large. These "Imperial Germans" are not, as a rule, offensive, and are considerably more civil to the English than they were before the war.

The attitude of the German-Swiss was, naturally, anti-Ally at first, but it is becoming less and less hostile, and, in some ways, positively appreciative. These same good people of Zürich, who strike the British visitor as being so German, recently besieged the railway station to welcome the passing British prisoners on their way to hospitable internment. At some places barriers were erected to keep back the crowds who assembled in thousands merely to see the trains pass in the middle of the night, and to cheer the newcomers. At Zürich the police were powerless, and the enthusiasm for the wounded British was delirious. These manifestations of Swiss good-heartedness have quite obliterated from the minds of British residents the memory of the rough handling to which some were subjected at the beginning of the war. Even those who, like *The Times* Correspondent, were arrested and kept in custody for various periods warmly recognise the friendliness of the Swiss people.

The German-Swiss, I think, are puzzled about the war, and especially about Verdun. On the bookstalls you find side by side with more modest collections of *The Times* and of the Continental Edition of the *Daily Mail,* suspicious great piles of the *Frankfurter Zeitung,* the *Vossische Zeitung,* the *Neue Freie Presse,* and of all the chief German and Austrian newspapers.

These same German and Austrian journals and their German-Swiss contemporaries gave great prominence to the Kaiser's famous February despatch, in which he stated that his brave Brandenburgers had stormed the "fortress of Douaumont," and suggested that Douaumont was a real fortress commanding the ruined little city on the Meuse.

As I pointed out in a message telegraphed to *The Times* from Verdun early in March, and reprinted in this volume, Douaumont is a fort only in name. Six months have now elapsed, and the German-Swiss see that all the military might of their kinsmen has been without avail. The French-Swiss newspapers, in good Fleet-street style, are "rubbing it in." They reprint the February headlines of the German newspapers and passages from an eminent German military critic who wrote:—

> Verdun is at its last gasp. Even as I write our brave troops are probably quartered in its houses.

The only reply from Germany is the monotonous and outworn suggestion that the reduction of Verdun is taking its normal course.

It should be borne in mind that the business connexions and family ties between Germany and German Switzerland are nearly as close as those between England and Scotland. Yet some of the German-Swiss newspapers are fair and give both sides a hearing. This is the more remarkable, since German propaganda by bribed newspaper, kinematograph, advertisement, private letter, business threat and bribe never ceases. Through her hosts of secret agents Germany hears when this or that citizen of German Switzerland has expressed unorthodox views. Within a few hours the culprit receives

a private letter carefully controverting his opinions.

German methods of working upon neutrals have often been analysed, but I think the most effective of them are still news-twisting and rapidity of publication. In the train between Zürich and Berne one bull-necked Hun of the commercial traveller type read, too loudly to be polite, a German report of the most recent North Sea "scrap," not a word about which had arrived from London. As before, the idea of our losses was allowed to remain in the German, Austrian, and neutral mind long enough to become embedded there.

Comparison with our belated Admiralty report next day showed that the German *communiqué* was an artful piece of lying, but the lie had a long start, as in the Jutland battle matter.

Another object of the German propaganda is to give the impression that affairs in Germany are going on as usual. Throughout Switzerland the great German steamship advertisements appear as though the Atlantic were still open. The Hamburg-Amerika offices in the various towns look as if nothing had changed. The Balkan-Zug (Balkan Express) has flaring advertisements and time-tables posted up on the walls of stations showing its route "Berlin-Budapest-Sofia-Konstantinople." I saw one of them purposely placed beside a modest announcement of the Great Western Railway "the route for England's most historic sites and Cathedral Cities."

There are some faint efforts at British propaganda. They might be greatly improved upon and intensified. Our "man in the street" may ask why we should trouble at all about German Switzerland or Switzerland in general, but Downing-street, I imagine, has reason to know otherwise. Nor would Germany be putting in propa-

ganda seven days a week unless she had certain objects in view.

In French Switzerland our French Allies are rendering us great services. They have organised at Geneva a series of lectures upon "The Effort of the Allies" by eminent French writers and statesmen. The Germans have striven to undermine Swiss belief in Allied cohesion. With true French insight, our friends saw that if France bore generous witness to what her Allies have done and are doing, her assurance would carry greater weight than any assurance which individual Allies could give on their own behalf. The result has been a series of manifestations of which the effect is not confined to French Switzerland.

French Switzerland is more fervently and, as I gathered at a public meeting, more vociferously pro-Ally than are some of the Allied countries themselves. German Switzerland is sentimentally pro-German, but, as I have said, is striving to be fair. But Switzerland as a whole is pro-Swiss "first, last, and all the time," as Americans say.

Of Italian Switzerland I saw little, but I gathered that notwithstanding some misapprehensions, there is a general feeling of relief at the knowledge that the completion of the defences on the Italian side of the frontier has diminished any temptation which Germany may have felt to violate Swiss neutrality in that direction. Switzerland is naturally afraid of Germany and knows her well enough to understand that no sentimental consideration would protect Swiss neutrality, did a definite military advantage seem obtainable. Every step taken by France or Italy to deprive the Germans in advance of such an advantage, therefore, enhances the security of the Swiss.

Au fond des choses, I believe it is the championship of the cause of little nations by England in the past and by the Allies in the present that has most affected the attitude of Switzerland. The war has chastened her and has caused her to realise her comparative helplessness. "You are becoming absolutely Germanised," I said to a young bank manager who was changing some money for me. "Not at all," he replied. "We admire Germany, but her rule would be too rigid for us free Republicans. We are grateful to England for her protection of small nations, but we fear Russia. We have not forgotten Russia's visit of a hundred years ago."

His was a very different tone from that of a German, straight from Frankfurt, with the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in his hand, a member of the race which has made Frankfurt famous. He was an elderly man, and opened the conversation in fairly respectable English by asking if I came from England. He proceeded to show me that he knew nothing whatever about the war.

I should have expected this attitude from an ordinary German, but here was a Jew, a member of one of the most intelligent races of the world, a race that has been given quick powers of insight, inference, and deduction. Yet he was convinced that Germany had been basely attacked, that the English Navy was paralysed, that London was almost in ruins, that England was on her last legs financially and on the eve of a social revolution, that Hindenburg was cunningly drawing Brusiloff and the Russians on to their doom.

Nor was the man without knowledge of England. He had been there twice—in London once and once in the Isle of Wight. He was especially loud in his lamentations over our futile attempt "to starve the women and children in Germany," but had nothing to say when I

pointed out how Bismarck had treated Paris in 1870. He was also particularly angry that the Swiss should be making fuzes for our shells, and said that the Swiss were as bad as the Americans. I explained that neutral countries had often done this kind of thing and that the Swiss, by the way, were making aluminum for the German Zeppelins, in whose future potentialities the old gentleman had infinite belief. He was especially eloquent over the condition of German finance and the relatively good position of the mark in Switzerland.

I asked him if he ever read the English *communiqués,* which, by the way, seem to be very fully given in the German Press. He replied that he did, but they were all lies. Verdun, of course, was going all right. Germany, he admitted, was suffering from lack of several kinds of food and raw material. He confessed that he was glad of the opportunity of getting a few days in such a land of plenty as that in which he was travelling. He thought the war would last at least till Christmas, at which time France would have collapsed and England would be asking to be allowed to "go home," to use his own words. Germany would not be ungenerous. "I am not an annexationist," he added. "It will be enough if we retain Antwerp and some control over the manufacturing districts of France and Belgium, with freedom of the seas, and big compensation for ill-treatment of the German colonies, *plus* means to complete the direct route from Antwerp to Berlin, Constantinople, and Bagdad, with a port at the end of the line."

The Swiss are better informed than this. They know more of the true position and hear constantly of the cross-currents in Germany. Swiss workmen have recently returned from Germany in considerable numbers. They prefer the lower wages and the full meals of Hel-

vetia to the high pay and low diet of Prussia. They have heard of the peace feelers constantly thrown out, not only by the German Imperial Government, but by some of the Governments of the Federal States. But they have not, and cannot have, a clear idea of the determination that animates all the Allies, and their very neutrality clouds their perception of the full meaning of the war.

How wide is the gulf that separates belligerent from neutral countries is revealed almost painfully to visitors by the presence of large numbers of young men in the streets. In Rome there are still some, but they are going daily. In Paris there are none. Thus when one comes first to a neutral country the great space which youth occupies in the social landscape is instantly revealed. The departure of our youth for camp and battlefield is part, a large part, of the price we are paying for our freedom; but it is a singular fact that, despite the presence of young men, the atmosphere of neutrality is depressing.

When passports have been examined at the French frontier stations, and the familiar light blue uniforms once more predominate, one will breathe again. In these great days the breath of war is the breath of life, and the spirit of sacrifice is the spirit of regeneration.

II

GENEVA

Propaganda Tricks

Geneva.

Much valuable information can be gathered at Geneva in regard to the two important questions of prisoners and propaganda.

Here are the headquarters of the old original Red Cross, founded in 1863. It would be impossible in anything less bulky than a fat quarto to deal with its innumerable energies. From Geneva radiate the communications on the subject of casualties, prisoners, their help, their finance, to every part of the theatres of war. The official title of the great Geneva organisation is the "Comité International de la Croix Rouge." At the central office are some 300 assistants, voluntary and other, English, French, German, Austrian, Swiss, working under the same roof and labouring to do their best for the afflicted, their relatives and friends.

The extent of part of the work can be gauged from the fact that on certain days there are as many as 15,000 communications passing from one belligerent country to another through the office alone. Geneva is probably the chief centre of postal communication between Germany and England.

The important task of receiving and correcting the lists of prisoners is carried on here under a system that is as business-like as the management of a London bank. Some idea of the difficulties with which the Geneva workers are faced can be deduced from the fact that there are already no fewer than 6,000 prisoners of war of the name of Martin, a common patronymic both in England and in France.

The Comité International is not merely a passive machine. It goes out of its way to search for news of the killed, wounded, and missing. If, for example, it notices in the German *communiqué* that an airman has been brought down, it communicates with the German authorities through the German Red Cross at Frankfurt or Berlin and asks for the name and fate of the airman and his observer. The German authorities in this and other

matters relating to prisoners are prompt and not unkind. They supply Geneva, for example, with a neat form giving a full account of any prisoner who has died in their hands, with a note from priest or pastor describing his last moments. The lists of prisoners in their hands are forwarded punctually and are legibly written.

At the moment of my visit, the latest English list of German prisoners arrived by registered post from the Prisoners of War Information Bureau, 49, Wellington-street, London. It is pleasant to record that it was a model of care and accuracy and is so regarded by the Swiss authorities. Geneva people, indeed, say that there is little to choose in this matter between the promptitude and activity of the English and Germans.

The appeals that reach the Comité International from all countries are heartrending. Owing to the violent nature of modern warfare, the number of permanently missing is greater than in previous wars. Soldiers are buried by shell and mine explosions, others are permanently entombed in their dug-outs, and at the Battle of the Marne, for example, it is believed that many who have never been heard of were drowned. The Geneva and other organisations, including the extremely efficient one in connexion with the British Red Cross Society, are ceaseless in their endeavours to trace every possible missing man.

Apart from the business-like accuracy of the whole establishment, it is evident that the strictest neutrality is maintained by the ladies and gentlemen who conduct this great Swiss undertaking. All the various languages used by the belligerents are to be heard about the building, and the interests of every country involved are doubtless well looked after, if such a precaution be necessary.

The list just arrived from England was explained to me by a young Swiss gentleman who was so obviously from Oxford that I asked him at which college he had been, to which he replied "The House." (Christ Church, which is usually referred to thus by undergraduates.) None the less, he was strictly neutral in the conduct of his department, whatever be his private views of the war.

Before the great struggle, Geneva was one of the largest centres for English residents on the Continent. A number still remain, but the whole character of the town has changed. At the moment, it is one of the most curious congeries of human beings in Europe. In the course of a single day I encountered Young Turks and Old Turks, Egyptian "Nationalists," Rumanians, Greeks, Serbs, and Germans and Austrians. Some of the latter, not only there but elsewhere in Switzerland, are deserters from Germany and Austria.

The local name for these oddments of humanity is *métèques*. A number of the temporary inhabitants are waiting to know to what nationality they belong, as, for example, refugees from Trieste, who do not feel certain whether they will remain Austrians or become Italians.

The Génèvois themselves are almost to a man fervently pro-Ally. Several spoke very strongly of our neglect to combat German propaganda. France took the matter in hand a long time ago, and one of the ablest French journalists, Stéphane Lauzanne, editor of *Le Matin,* after a due period of military service, was sent to Switzerland, where he did excellent work. (Since then he has been doing equally good work in the United States.)

A distinguished French-Swiss explained the situation

to me in the following words, which I noted at the time:—

> The English should realise that Swiss military officers are, in the proportion of about three to one, pro-German, because they admire German military organisation, because some of them have German kinsmen, have had German military training, or have married Germans. They recognise that Germany has perhaps under-estimated her task. The German Government, in order to create the impression in Switzerland that Germany is doing all the fighting, has made special arrangements, by a subvention, to distribute German newspapers and illustrated sheets specially throughout Switzerland. Look at this [he pointed to the *Illustrated Leipzig Gazette*]; Switzerland is deluged with it week after week. It is beautifully printed in colours, the drawings are by the best German artists, the photographs are printed by a rotogravure. Here, you see, are English prisoners, almost unhurt, marching with their captors to the camp. Here, in another paper, you are being bombed out of your trenches by this or that gallant German regiment. We have had a little English propaganda here, but your people do not seem to study the methods of advertisers as the Germans do. German propaganda is ceaseless; yours is feeble and intermittent. The German propaganda is in the hands of advertising people who understand that when an advertiser ceases to proclaim the virtue of his wares the sale of them disappears.
>
> There are many weak points in the German armour in Switzerland and other neutral countries,

and they could be pierced by astute people who understand the psychology of each particular neutral nationality. Germany has always the advantage of propinquity in dealing with the Swiss, the Dutch, the Swedes, and the Danes. That is a fact that should not be forgotten by your propagandists, and should cause them to make exertions, greater, even, than those of the Germans themselves.

The force of this pro-Ally Swiss gentleman's remarks was borne in upon me when two or three days later I read in *Le Temps* a telegram to the following effect:—

The organisation for German newspaper distribution at Zürich has presented to the large hotels at Geneva a form on which the owner or manager states that he is ready to place at the disposal of the public, in the reading-room of his hotel, the following newspapers and reviews:—*Der Tag,* of Berlin; *Frankfurt Gazette, Cologne Gazette, Voss Gazette, Tägliche Rundschau,* of Berlin; *Fremdenblatt,* of Hamburg; *Leipzig Latest News, Illustrated Leipzig Gazette, Die Woche* (The Week), a Berlin illustrated paper; *Reclams Universum,* Berlin illustrated journal; *Deutsche Politik* (German Policy).

Under the terms of this agreement, it is pointed out that the German propagandists will deliver the newspapers and reviews free to the hotel, on condition that their display in the reading-room is not charged for.

The *Journal de Génève* protests against this latest evolution of German propaganda.

III

THE GERMANS IN SPAIN

The Army of Anti-Ally Workers

Pamplona, Spain

Forty-six years ago Germany was at war with France over the question of the Spanish marriages and the Hohenzollern candidate, the initial cause of the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870. Since that time the Germans have never ceased to agitate for the political and commercial control of Spain.

During the last two years, despite the war, they have managed by a stroke of good fortune, which at first sight looked like ill-luck, greatly to increase their numerical strength throughout the Peninsula.

In the last days of July, 1914, many Germans fled from France into Spain. Their number was speedily increased by the arrival at various Spanish ports of travelling Germans, who remained there, rather than face the Anglo-French blockade. When Portugal declared war there was another incursion of German refugees. To their number have since been added the German soldiers and civilians from Cameroon. It is said that altogether, including the large number of resident business Germans, there are now something like 80,000 Huns in Spain. The total is variously estimated at from 60,000 to 100,000, but a Barcelona man of affairs, who visits all parts of Spain continually, considers that, including the 20,000 residents of his own city, the number is approximately 80,000. That these 80,000 Germans

are not idle is borne in upon one within a very few hours of crossing the Spanish frontier.

Let me first ask readers who have not recently visited Northern and Western Spain to remove from their thoughts all ideas gathered from Borrow or Ford. "Backward Spain," so far as the Northern provinces are concerned, is the land, not of gipsy, beggar, and brigand, but of Spanish, British, German enterprise, of highly-developed water-power, countless new light railways, automobiles, factories, workshops of all descriptions, and of hotels with bed-rooms and bath-rooms *en suite*.

Things are nowhere in the world as before the war. Thus, it is an unpleasant surprise, on going to a Spanish bank, to find that our good British sovereign, which, we were proud to think, was the standard coin of the world, is at an uncomplimentary discount in a land where one formerly received a handsome bonus in exchange. It is unpleasant, too, on opening countless Spanish newspapers, to find that a belief in German victory and in German invincibility is, apparently, a conviction in most parts of Spain. It is disappointing to be received by old Spanish friends, friends who have visited England, who know our country, with an air of doubt as to our capacity to make war. It is particularly disagreeable to notice the favourable and agreeable manner in which the Hun is received in Spanish society. And it is not flattering to the Allies to find that he has the support of a great body of the aristocracy, of practically the whole of the Church, Jesuit and otherwise, with, in addition, a large part of middle-class Spain.

I would not for a minute disregard the strong pro-Ally views of many Spaniards, some in important positions. We owe them a debt of gratitude. Many are labouring assiduously to convince their countrymen of the justice

of our cause, but they are face to face with the hourly wireless propaganda from the Nauen station, Berlin, and the Austrian wireless from Pola. They have to encounter all manner of cross-currents beneath the sea of Spanish opinion, and these cross-currents have been forced by the Germans till in many cases they have become veritable tides of pro-Germanism.

It would be preposterous for a casual visitor to Spain, such as is the present writer, with but some half-dozen holiday tours in that country as a previous experience, to offer himself as an authority on a very complex subject. Yet he can, at least, record that which he hears from former Spanish acquaintances, from English and other residents, together with that which he reads, that which he sees.

I came here to Pamplona because it is a convenient German centre and because it is a pleasant place in a fair country. The days of early autumn in Northern Spain are crisp, yet warm, like the mimosa time in spring at Cannes. The Indian corn is now ripe; jasmine in great festoons and garlands, as we never see it in England, is everywhere, mixing its fragrance with that of the magnolia. The little, low-growing, purple wine-grapes in this, the famous Rioja district, are sweet enough to steal.

When one surveys these rich valleys, in which everything, including olives, bright red capsicums, vines, peaches, beets, tomatoes, all seem to luxuriate together in wild profusion, it is not difficult to understand why the men from the sandy plains of Prussia are covetous. There are other reasons of which I shall speak. A glance at the map of Europe should be sufficiently suggestive of Bismarck's anxieties about the Iberian Peninsula.

At the Café Kutz at Pamplona, which, despite our

blockade, bravely but falsely advertises Spatenbräu-München on its wide white awning, may be found after *Mittagessen* many of the types of the German elements that are unceasingly working against us—and against Spain. One soon learns from their loud talk that the Germans in Spain have constituted themselves into a well-drilled army, obviously acting on definite instructions.

Just one typical scene. The Huns who were eating at one of the leading hotels to-day, and who had to bear our English-speaking as best they could, were probably mostly soldiers and civilians back from Cameroon. Their leader was a young Prussian of 30, whose neck and head were of about the same diameter. He had little, Oriental eyes, stiff wooden movements, a gash down the side of the face, received at a Mensur in student days, and hair cropped as closely as a poodle's.

Pamplona is a great clerical centre. A number of young priests were lunching, and heartily, let me say. As each left the room the young Boche rose and bent himself in half, in German fashion, with a tremendous bow, to the evident pleasure of the priests. The thing was exactly like the official railway courtesy ordered by telegram from Berlin to any more or less known foreign traveller, and at the same time showed the minute care with which the German army in Spain is working. With the Church on their side, the battle is half won. Later on, the same young Boche was one of a large company of noisy, hat-lifting Germans at the Kutz establishment, and it was amusing to notice that, as a flock of the black-robed fathers strolled by in an unmasculine costume (which is certainly not suited to Spanish heat and dust) the Huns cast amused and contemptuous glances behind their backs, and made slighting remarks about them.

From a Spanish acquaintance, who is not a little concerned at the growing intensity of German activity in Spain, I learned a good deal of the habits and customs of the propagandists, for such every one of them is.

Germany long ago impressed Spain with the prestige of her arms and her trade. On the Norte Railway the finest locomotives bear the name of their German place of origin, in legible letters, that can be read by passengers on both of the station platforms. At one time Spanish locomotives came from England. In the home, or the hotel, there is nearly always a German piano, a German bath, and you switch on a German electric lamp to see the time by a German clock. The chemists' shops are full of German drugs and preparations.

A vast, new, many-windowed, oblong, ugly, industrial building looms up before you at the corner of a road, and you find that it is a sugar factory erected by Germans, *since* the war.

The average Spaniard, who is more of a *caballero* than a man of business, is naturally impressed by years of German commercial surroundings. Many Spanish business men are frankly afraid of Germans.

The khaki-clad officers and men of the Spanish Army —especially the younger officers—looking uncommonly like our Belgian Allies except for the shape of their caps, are, I was assured by Spanish officers, convinced that Germany must win.

From the moment of the outbreak of war every German refugee as he arrived was set to work to learn Spanish. Many of them had fled into Spain so hurriedly that they were without funds, and these were provided by the local German Consuls. But the invaders were not long idle. The majority obtained work in the innumerable establishments of their compatriots, some in Barce-

Iona, some at Seville, some in the iron districts, others in the countless industries in Spain into which the German vampire has dug its claws. A few, it is believed, have availed themselves of their knowledge of Spanish to escape, as Spaniards, to South America, to Holland, and to Scandinavia. For the purpose of such adventurous journeys they buy up old passports, or make use of others, manufactured for the special purpose.

But, as a rule, the Germans in Spain show no great anxiety to get back to the land of the meatless day and the bread-ticket. They look prosperous and well-fed, and they are unquestionably helping to get Spain into the German clutch. They realise that if to a victorious Germany Spain is very useful, to a defeated Germany Spain is almost essential.

In the likely event of the development of overland transport by aeroplane, the coasts and harbours of friendly Spain would be invaluable to Germany. The mineral wealth of the Peninsula only now being scientifically developed, would afford her several sorts of raw material, of which Germany has little or none. And, as an outlet for German goods, as the main point of departure for the wealthy Republics of South America, as a bulwark against English control of Gibraltar, Spain is, from the German point of view, distinctly Germany's "pidgin."

The well-drilled battalions of German residents and refugees in Spain know exactly how to confuse public opinion in any locality. In the North of Spain, where the French have never been popular since the Napoleonic invasion, they alarm the ignorant by threats that an Allied victory might mean a revival of the days of a hundred years ago. In the West they state that, as a reward for Portugal's "treachery" in joining the Allies,

she is to be given two of the richest Spanish provinces.

Lately Spain became anxious on this point, coupled as it was with the statement that the Portuguese Army was mobilised against Spain. The Portuguese Government wisely asked Spain to send a military mission to inspect the situation. There was not, of course, a word of truth in the statement, which was industriously promulgated by one of the most widely circulated Madrid newspapers, the *A.B.C.*, which, under a cunning pretence of neutrality, is, as I can easily prove by its files, subtly and continually pro-German.

In the south "Gibraltar for the Spaniards" remains the most successful German cry, appealing as it does to Spanish pride and sentiment. The Moroccan question and the Moroccans themselves are never let alone by Germany. The suggestion is continually put forward, too, that Germany stands for monarchy, order, and religion; whereas England is the home of free speech and industrial unrest, and France the centre of anarchy.

Next to our own island, Spain is the chief mother country of the world. Here and there the Spaniards exhibit maps showing to what parts of the earth Spanish stock has carried the Spanish language. With the language has gone a certain amount of sympathy for Spain. The Germans know that, with Spain as a *point d'appui,* and the backing of Spanish opinion, and, above all, with that of the Church, their cause is likely to be better appreciated in the New World than if mother-Spain were hostile. From Spain, therefore, proceeds to South America a great deal of German propaganda in the Spanish language.

Although many war fortunes are being made in Spain —for she is supplying iron to England, railway trucks and war material of other descriptions to France—some

discomfort has been caused by the war. One of the most unpopular topics in Spain is the high price of bread. Another is the cost of coal, which in some places stands at $30 a ton. These circumstances are used by the German agents to stir up feeling against England for her wickedness in launching the world into war.

The chief methods of propaganda, then, seem to be a daily stream of wireless *communiqués* from Berlin and Austria, discrediting the Allies; continuous activity on the part of the Church and the Carlists; the influence of the German "colony," with steady work on the part of the university professors and schoolmasters on behalf of the Central Powers, the chief channel being, of course, the Press. There are notable exceptions, such as the *Imparcial, El Liberal, Heraldo,* and others engaged in sustained effort to put the truth about the war before the Spanish public. These efforts have, especially of late, had a considerable amount of success, and have aroused German hostility, as will no doubt this and another article of mine. A small, but, it is to be hoped, a growing part of Spanish opinion is disgusted with German cruelties, and more especially with the wholesale enslavement of Belgian and French women in the invaded provinces. There has been talk in the English newspapers of a remonstrance by the Spanish Government in this matter, but in the absence of much stronger pro-Ally propaganda and much firmer British diplomacy, it would be surprising were anything really important to result.[1]

Let me give a few instances as showing the methods of presenting news to the Spanish public by certain journals. In all the neutral countries German Press agents represent England as cowering under the Zeppelin terror.

[1] Some sort of notice seems, very privately, to have eventually been taken.

To-day, in one newspaper, I read of a great Zeppelin raid on London, and of orders by the Metropolitan Police that not a single ray of light was to be emitted at night, either out of doors or indoors. This news was prominently given—but not a word was said in this journal about one of the raiding Zeppelins having been destroyed.

In one of our Headquarters *communiqués* the other day it was stated that we brought down a certain number of enemy aeroplanes. The *communiqué* was so put as to give the impression that *we* had lost the aeroplanes, and the heading was, "The British Communiqué. Ten Aeroplanes Lost."

This sort of thing, carried on day after day and week after week by innumerable journals among a people who have had German efficiency drilled into them for years, is a sort of poison that will only be removed by some great military success on our part. Verdun has done as much as anything to cure a certain part of Spanish public opinion of the "German invincibility" theory. (It is interesting, by the way, to note here, in Pamplona, a German centre, little books for sale, with the head of the Kaiser so drawn as to look like a skull on a background of blood, entitled simply, "Verdun.") Former Spanish acquaintances of pro-German views admitted to me that Verdun was puzzling to them.

As elsewhere, the view is industriously spread by Germany that England is the sole and only cause of the war, and that the unfortunate French are only too anxious to make peace. England, the might of whose army is absolutely unknown to the average Spaniard, is represented as sacrificing France, as she is alleged to have sacrificed Belgium, Serbia, Montenegro. If, runs the argument, Spain were so mad as to join the Allies, her fate would be that of France and the rest; and if she were

even to exhibit friendly neutrality civil war would result. The leading Carlist papers have recently headed their articles "Neutrality or Civil War!"

Another line taken by German propagandists, chiefly among the aristocratic classes, is that Spain should keep herself strictly impartial, so that, if necessary, King Alfonso and his Cabinet may perhaps be invited by Great Britain to arbitrate when we sue for peace with Germany. That we shall eventually invite the Spanish Court to save our face seems to be accepted by all except the inner circle, who know some of the facts.

One of these facts is that the Germans in 1916 induced a well-known Spanish nobleman to go to London to fly a peace kite, and that, on his arrival, those to whom he was accredited wisely took not the least notice of him. The Germans now assert that the unfortunate Spaniard went to London on his own account.

From much that I have heard in the course of my enquiries, the Spanish Court would be the very worst arbiter between the Allies and the Central Powers. Whatever may be King Alfonso's own knowledge, the views of the average Court official are something like these:—

"English officers are gallant fellows, excellent polo players, good sportsmen in general, but amateurs. The English 'Tommies' are few in number, brave, but foolhardy. The 'bloody repulses' so often mentioned in the German *communiqués* are due to the fact that an army cannot be raised in a few years. France has called up all her men from 17 years of age to 48. England can do nothing on land of any service. Therefore Germany is bound to win, and even if she does not win, cannot possibly lose."

I am informed that a Spanish military mission has been

sent to British military headquarters. It is to be trusted that it will have come back with opinions that may somewhat change this Court point of view, though I am doubtful of the lasting effect of anything short of a smashing and palpable military defeat of Germany—one that cannot be disproved by wireless.

Former Spanish acquaintances regard me as something of a hero in venturing across the German submarine-controlled Channel at this juncture. Others doubt that I really propose to go back to live and work in Zeppelin-infested London. One hears all sorts of stupid nonsense, from people who ought to know better, such as the statement that Princess Henry of Battenberg, mother of the Queen of Spain, has come to Spain for safety from Zeppelins. These views would be merely annoying were it not that they have a bearing on Spanish opinion during the war and on the theory of German invincibility.

A good deal of travel among neutrals lately has borne in upon me the fact that no one wants to be on the losing side. It is obviously with this view in mind that Germany keeps her 80,000 agents in Spain at work, hiding Allied successes and belittling the British effort. A shrewd Englishman of business in Spain—and we have many such—assured me that he believed the present melancholy state of our good English pound sterling was due not only to the balance of trade against us, but to the doubt as to our capacity to stand up against Germany. Former Spanish admirers who have been impressed by the German propaganda are politely silent when some idea is given them of the determination of Great Britain and her Allies to crush the vampire.

Pro-Ally Spaniards say that immeasurable harm was done in the long months during which the British Army issued no daily *communiqué* whatever. The impression

was then almost indelibly confirmed that we had no Army. Yet during all that time we had taken our part in the battles of the Marne, the Aisne, and Ypres.

There are quick minds at the other end of the German wireless and they watch our proceedings very closely. They flood Spain with downright lies, minimising statements and contradictions with a celerity which is quite amazing. I have been so struck again and again by the quickness with which neutrals learn from Germany what is going on, that I recently asked Commendatore Marconi if it were possible that the Germans had a secret wireless in our midst. He replied that it would be quite possible for them to have wireless apparatus, that it would be very difficult to detect, and that he himself would be able to erect a wireless in England that our authorities would have great trouble in discovering. But it is certain that what we are, in reality, face to face with, is great alertness and intelligence on the part of the German Press Bureau.

The Germans in Spain have wealthy people among them who have seen to it that the various German communities and individuals are closely linked up. The newcomers are gathering every sort of information about Spanish industries and the possibilities of development in Spain. Need I point out that, with a population of less than twenty millions, 80,000 active propagandists and workers constitute a formidable body?

The number may be 80,000, it may be slightly more or less, but the Hun seems to be everywhere. Almost the first words I heard in Spain were German. Seven out of ten of the numerous provincial journals are, more or less, Germanophile.

In a motor journey of some 1,300 kilometres I encountered German pedestrian and motor parties all bound on

the same purposeful work. Their task is the easier because the general Spanish public is not vastly interested in the war. In Spain it is not the vital question that it is in England, in France, or even Switzerland. In the newspapers our Great Crusade often takes quite a minor position, and in the majority there is more about the bull fight or the latest crime than about the greatest event in the world's history.

IV

A SPANISH TOUR

Some People and Places

While it is difficult for any one who has seen anything of the horrors of the German invasion of Belgium and France to comprehend the neutral frame of mind, it has to be remembered in visiting and contrasting Spain, where there is no sign of conflict, that her people are at peace.

A few of the more far-seeing Spanish leaders do not quite like that situation. There is a good deal of jealousy of little Portugal, who has not been afraid to throw down her glove to the Kaiser. But, on the whole, Spain in general, and industrial Spain in particular, appears to be glad to be out of the maelstrom.

In the course of visits extending over 30 years I have never known such prosperity in Spain as at present. With the exception of a few old women who haunt the doors of cathedrals and a single gipsy, who, by the way, asked alms in very fair German—imagining, I regret to say, that our party was from the Fatherland—we were not assailed by a single beggar anywhere. Good for-

tune seems to smile everywhere alike, in town and country. San Sebastian and other watering-places are having seasons such as they have never known before. In more than one of the excellent motorists' hotels erected during the past few years we found it difficult to obtain sleeping quarters.

On setting out on a visit to the iron districts, we made the journey by the wonderful coast road *via* Zarauz, Bilbao, and Santander, certainly the most majestic, if dangerous, cliff road I have travelled in a somewhat extensive experience. The Bay of Naples, the road from Larne to Portrush, or the Grande Corniche cannot compare with it. The only drawbacks are the dust and nerve-racking corners, round which tear high-powered cars, with open exhausts, at a speed that reminds one of the Continental road races of a decade back.

There is a noise like that of a Zeppelin, or a traction engine. Our modest 20 h.p. car is passed as if standing still, and then dust, that completely obscures the view of sea and sky.

"The King!" cries our chauffeur. His amiable Majesty is *en route*. Youth will be served. Further on we find a powerful Royal car—not, fortunately, Alfonso's—in a ditch, with the two front wheels off. A day or two afterwards the Spanish papers record yet another and serious accident to certain members of the Royal entourage.

In numberless ways it is a strange sensation to be living in surroundings not unlike those of the Riviera years ago in peace time. The white wings of the racing yachts are in the bay, golfing and lawn tennis parties are setting out for the day's sport, immaculately-dressed young Spaniards, with Bond Street and Savile Row written all over their clothes, are escorting Señoritas, dressed

from the Rue de la Paix. The whole thing, against the background of the war, is like a dream of something long past.

The road continues, one long film of beautiful pictures, though it passes through the iron districts leading to Bilbao and beyond. There is nothing in the nature of a black country, or manufacturing Lancashire, or chemical Cheshire. Now and then one is on the Riviera, in a few moments in the sad mountains of Donegal. The hot southern sun blazes down on little inland coves of the Atlantic, in which are ensconced tiny watering-places; but there are no wounded, as in France or at home. Villas, embowered in walnut and chestnut trees, with gardens gay with red and white roses, and the universal jasmine and pink oleander, have carefully closed *persiennes* to keep out the mid-day heat.

As one approaches Bilbao the hills are red with the iron-laden soil; from beneath them is brought down by vertical railway and wireways the metal for the guns and the shells. The rivers and their estuaries pour, brilliant red, into the great Atlantic. One of our party remarked that, if any one painted this contrast of sea and river, he would be regarded as an unusually eccentric Futurist. It was pleasantly cool sauntering along, but when we stopped for luncheon at Bilbao, the centre of one of the richest mineral territories in the world, we found that the day was as hot as midsummer at home.

In the restaurant our next neighbour is a stout German lady, whose performance on the tooth-pick would have done credit to a restaurant in the Friedrichstrasse in Berlin. We English speakers receive the usual glares from the Germans, who are sharing the excellent meal provided.

Afterwards, a Spaniard to whom we have an introduc-

tion, complains of the Allies' commercial black-list. We point out that war is war, and that the saving of Allied lives and the destruction of enemy trade is more important to us than commercial relations with neutrals. His reply is that the rule should be applied all round, and especially to certain iron mines which are conjointly owned by Germans and English, and he mentions Krupp and an English firm by name. He admits that the district is largely Germanophile, and he believes that considerable iron is going into Germany by Norway. This statement is afterwards denied, although not absolutely, by an English authority whom we consulted.

After sauntering through an incredibly beautiful country, with delicious glimpses of the Atlantic, passing rivers in which the trout were rising temptingly, and one in which there was excellent salmon fishing, we slept at Oviedo, at a palatial hotel as unlike the Spain of 20 years ago as could be imagined. At the local garage there was an assemblage of motor-cars of the first rank, and not one of them, we are glad to say, was German. Rolls-Royce, Renault, Delaunay-Belleville, Daimler, and the Hispano-Suiza predominated.

There is an old Oviedo and a new which is being built as rapidly and noisily as new New York, and as ugly as new Buenos Aires.

Wakened in the morning by the sound of blasting in the neighbouring hills, a sound that is never out of one's ears in industrialised Spain, we crawled up the zigzags of the great Cordilleras Cantabricas, and suddenly descended from the dense, wet clouds into what was exactly like Egypt. Red and ochre hills, a great blazing, yellow plain, dried-up looking towns on the hillside, pigeon cotes exactly like those in Egyptian villages, and water raised by shadoofs. The wheat has been gathered, and in some

places is being trodden out, as in Biblical times. In all places it is winnowed in the wind, in ancient fashion.

Out on the plain the only birds are hawks and quail-like partridges, with also our own red-legs. We stopped the car outside an adobe hut of Moorish design, thick-walled and very cool within. The bright-eyed, dark, dry-skinned peasant, who comes out to tell us the way, invites us to taste some of the wine grapes which, together with some quinces, he is growing in his little oasis. He is extremely intelligent, declines any payment, as is usual in rural Spain, but accepts a cigar and a few picture papers—for he cannot read—and asks us about the war. It has had the effect of raising the price of bread. The land as far as we can see, he tells us, belongs to a great nobleman, and is worked on a feudal system. Owing to the emigration to South America, labour is scarce, and he and his work doubly hard in consequence. It would be good land, he says, if the rain were attracted by the planting of more trees. The war, he fears, will be long. His good manners, which previous experience has taught me to find everywhere and among all classes in Spain, forbid him expressing an opinion as to the result.

Later on that day a similar enquiry as to our route from an old labourer brought the question: Were we French? "No," we replied, "English." He put out his hand and shook ours warmly, saying that he had been in the service of an English family in Buenos Aires. And the war? How long will it last? Long, he feared. "The Allemans are strong."

There is no country in which I have been where one is asked so frequently: How long will the war last? The war seems to be some great distant monster which, despite the people's interest in their own everyday life, is ever, if distantly, present.

The dust between Albert and Arras, in the earlier days of the battle of the Somme, when thousands of troops, transport wagons, and mules were stirring it, seemed to be, to use an Americanism, the "extension of the limit." Egyptian dust is perpetual and insinuating, and Indian dust is like khaki flour. But Spanish dust, in August, when a Norther is blowing, amounts to something like a perpetual fog. A closed car is of no avail; goggles worn within it are useless. A passing mule can raise a cloud of it, and it was consoling to think, whatever may be the difficulties in front of our soldiers in that part of the map in which Sir Douglas Haig and General Foch are operating, a war in this part of the world would be worse, a veritable agony of thirst.

Yet, little more than a hundred years ago, the great Duke's soldiers drove Soult's forces across waterless plains similar to these, at a time when there were none of the comforts of mechanical transport.

The contrast between the peace and gaiety of small Spanish towns at night, and our thoughts of France at this time is trying. Yet no one who has been in a neutral country would wish to live in its atmosphere rather than in that of England or of her Allies. These Spanish towns are alive with children, who, having like all Spaniards, enjoyed their *siesta,* appear to go to bed about the time people are pouring out of the theatres in London.

Almost every small centre has an excellent band, whose only fault is the monotony of its mournful, modern Spanish music, which seems to be almost always written in the minor. It is that of a people resigned to their lost position as *conquistadores.*

Often, it is pleasant to note, we came across places in which there were not only no Germans, but no knowledge of Germans. In some districts where there were Ger-

mans the people were perfectly frank in their dislike of them. The Spaniards are extremely good mimics, and can imitate German ways in a most amusing manner.

Enquiries and researches in a good many quarters, every one of which revealed the same steady German purpose, brought us eventually back to San Sebastian, which many of its admirers claim, perhaps with reason, to be the most beautiful seaside resort in the world. San Sebastian to-day is humming with life and visitors. On the way into the town we meet a small English jockey, heavily swathed, toiling at least four miles an hour in the afternoon sun, to reduce his weight for the racing, which takes place almost daily. The local bull ring is packed, and an attempt to get a seat for a pelota match was in vain.

Although the Spaniards are still the proud people they have always been, there is that curious mixture of democracy that makes San Sebastian a combination of Monte Carlo and Margate. The King and his yacht are here. Most of the Embassies have moved here from Madrid. All Spain that counts fills the beautiful villas on the hills, and the densely packed hotels. In the morning the perfect sands swarm with children.

Along the promenade that leads to Miramar, outside which lounge his Majesty's guards in picturesque red Biscayan caps, there is an endless procession of tramcars and motors, mingled with slowly moving, yoked oxen, and the perpetual donkey of the peasant, as often as not ridden pillion. The casino is, of course, the main attraction of this very rapidly growing town. In the gaming rooms, as at Monte Carlo, are the same shabby old ladies, with solemn faces, deliberately placing their five pesetas, with the other and younger ladies, who throw their money away as rapidly as they get it. Here

and there is an Englishman, who looks thoroughly ashamed at being caught gambling in war-time, with the customary wizened old men, studiously working out their systems. There are Germans here, as everywhere, but they chiefly have their headquarters at their own *café* in the town. A German in Spain is not, as a rule, on pleasure bent.

A pleasing and quite harmless feature of the casino at San Sebastian is the organised gathering of hundreds of children on the great terrace outside, and in the rooms not devoted to gambling. The absence of black in the women's and children's dresses is a striking contrast to one who has just come from France, and, were it not for an occasional mantilla, there would be nothing but the vivid greens, yellows, and blues that sound so bizarre, but are not out of place in Spain, where the national colours of red and yellow fit the landscape as properly as do the green, white, and red of sunlit Italy. The Spaniards make much of their children. Sometimes one feels that the small people are a little out of place at the hotel dinner hour, which is usually at 8.30 or 9 o'clock. As a rule the children are beautifully dressed, well cared for, most attractive, and altogether *sans gêne*. When we asked a Spanish friend why that vivacious and quick-witted creature, the *chico* (the Spanish boy) develops so quickly into something like apathetic languor, he replied it was "the education." Certainly the contrast between the early manhood of Spain and the alertness of the boys is very remarkable.

San Sebastian is itself solemnly and particularly interesting to English people, who have a pilgrimage of their own near by.

And so, leaving the Casino, with its myriads of little ones, who were being entertained by the sending up of

grotesque fire balloons, in the shape of all manner of animals and black men, and escaping from the noise of the two rival bands, we said good-bye to neutral Spain by visiting the scene of the famous and gloriously victorious storming of the citadel in 1813, when our soldiers showed exactly the same qualities they are displaying on the Somme to-day. They crossed the river under a terrible fire, which filled it with English blood. They performed what seemed the impossible, and what was almost as remarkable as Wolfe's attack on Quebec.

At the summit of the citadel are a few English graves, which seem somewhat more neglected than they should be. From this lofty scene of the great struggle they look straight out towards the Bay of Biscay to England. The most legible inscription is as follows:—

> *Sacred to the memory of Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Richard Fletcher, Bart.; Captain C. Rhodes, Captain G. Collyer, Lieutenant H. Machell, Corps of Royal Engineers, who fell at the siege of San Sebastian, August* 31, 1813.

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